THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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GLADSTONE REPLIES

To the Duke of Argyll's Inconsistent Opinion on the Subject of Home Rule.

And His Hopeless Attempt to Convert America Away From Ireland's Cause.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—[Special *Tribune* Correspondence.]—Only a few weeks ago you will remember, the Duke of Argyll gave the readers of the *North American Review* the benefit of his opinion on the subject of Home Rule in general and Mr. Gladstone in particular. The Duke was very positive in his statements and very severe in his strictures upon the course of Mr. Gladstone. If he were not a Duke and a gentleman I should say that he "pitched into" the Grand Old Man rather roughly. In the forthcoming number of the *Review* Mr. Gladstone replies. He is as calm and collected as the Duke was excited; and he takes up the charges brought against him and the cause he espouses one by one and knocks them over as easily as the now historic cow floored him. If you remember the Duke's somewhat frenzied appeal to the American public you will recall that he strove to show a close analogy, if not an absolute identity in principle, between the gigantic effort of the American people in 1861 5, first to limit the area of negro slavery and then to abolish it altogether, and the present struggle in which he is engaged to rivet upon the people of Ireland a form of government to which they have never constitutionally assented, which they were only compelled to obey by an armed force, in their small island, of more than 130,000 men, "which," adds Mr. Gladstone, "the Duke himself knows they dislike or abhor, and which they declare to be totally unsuitable for the supply of their practical wants in legislation. They support these allegations by returning five sixths or four-fifths of their parliamentary representatives to upold them. We acknowledge their competency as citizens by allowing to them the widest household suffrage, with the protection of a most carefully constructed system of secret voting."

A THANKLESS TASK

Mr. Gladstone seems to think that the Duke took a thankless task upon himself when he made this analogy:

"The task the Duke took in hand was to convert the American people to the opinion that to liberate a race is the same thing as, if not to enslave them, yet to deny them all the rights of communities, historically national and independent, over their own destinies. The execution of this task, not easy in itself, was grievously hampered by the indisputable fact that the sentiments passed by the Duke across the water were in the act of being constitutionally repudiated by his own countrymen, who, before his article could appear, were to choose a parliament with a majority in direct opposition to his views."

Then Mr. Gladstone quotes an American whom I shrewdly suspect to be Mr. Depew:

"A gentleman belonging to the Republican party, and in the first rank of public distinction in America, told me before the last Presidential election that 13,000,000 votes would be cast at it, and that of those votes 12,500,000 would be favorable to the cause of Ireland. Will the arguments of the Duke serve to diminish this enormous phalanx of opinion by the subtraction of a single man?"

In this statement of his views Mr. Gladstone warns his readers that they will not be treated to a personal onslaught upon his particular adversary:

"But the word arguments is a misnomer. Those who wish for arguments on this question must look elsewhere. It is best to separate altogether this paper from the personality of its eloquent and distinguished author, and, regarding it in the abstract, as we regard a proposition of Euclid, to take our measure of it simply as an example of the highest heights and the longest lengths to which assertion can be pushed apart from citation, from reference, from authority, from that examination either of the facts or the literature of the case, to which the writer does not condescend. Of this he becomes sensibly aware towards the close of his paper and he informs his readers accordingly that he has written it currente calamo. A truly singular announcement. The currens calamus is an instrument well adapted for the journalist who in the small hours of the night has to render for the morning papers, in a few minutes, the pith or the froth, as the case may be, of the debate scarcely ended or the telegram just arrived; but surely less appropriate for a statesman who dates his birth as a Cabinet Minister from 40 years back, and who has now been spending many of those years in leisure, and it is a most equivocal compliment to the American Nation, which has taken its stand on the side of Ireland through its legislatures, its governors, its very highest organs, as well as its countless masses, to suppose that it will execute its volte-face at a moment's warning in obedience to a currens calamus. And it is a currens calamus, indeed, for the article affords no indication that its author has ever reined in the gallop of his pen for a moment to study any book or even any speech or pamphlet about Ireland."

HASN'T EXAMINED IRISH HISTORY.

Mr. Gladstone smiles rather sarcastically (if one can smile with his pen) at the Duke's charge of inaccuracies against him.

"The article warns America against my statements on Irish history as being untrustworthy. This is a quiet way of disposing of a series of utterances which fill a moderate volume, which are historical in form, which supply references to test their correctness, and which have recently been republished, so as to give the utmost facility for confutation. With these facilities before him the Duke does not refute, nor attempt to refute, even one of these statements. But, instead of a refutation, he says, 'for example,' that I have represented the bill of 1886 as only giving back to Ireland a limited share of what she had once enjoyed, whereas she 'never has had a parliament with one tenth of the enormous power given by that scheme.' All property and all liberty were left absolutely at the mercy of the Irish parliament. 'So monstrous a proposition had never been made before by any statesman.' And this (supposed) misdescription of my own bill is given by the writer as proving my 'misrepresentations of Irish history,' which it is plain he has never examined any more than he has examined Irish history itself."

After showing some of the many inaccuracies in the Duke's argument Mr. Gladstone says of it:

"The article before me is as full of insults to Ireland as a plum pudding is full of plums. Americans can hardly conceive how completely ingrained in the mental habits of many, who boast their support of the union, is the practice of insulting that country. The Duke of Argyll was a gallant adversary to negro slavery. And in too many ways the negro was dishonored and oppressed. But the negro never, I believe, met with that particular species of oppression which is termed insult, in the same manner as the Irishman. One statesman, a Prime Minister, classes Irishmen with Hottentots; still we have another who charitably divides them between knaves and dupes. By the completeness of his excommunication of that race from the human pale the writer of this article and his currens calamus have carried the practice to such a height that, at least we may rest sure, in the future it can never be exceeded."

Ireland only asks for what is freely granted to Canada and other colonies. Says Mr. Gladstone:

"The general upshot is that Ireland generously agrees to undergo every restraint which is imposed upon the autonomous colonies, and many other restraints. They retain legislation upon trade, they deal with the question of our own defense, they contribute nothing to our charges. Ireland willingly abandons all these powers and consents to bear her equal share of imperial burdens; and, under these circumstances, such is the astounding force of prejudice, there are to be found men of rank, character and ability, who denounce such a guarded gift of autonomy to Ireland as a thing monstrous and unheard of in its extent."

The Duke, it will be remembered, charged Mr. Gladstone with a decided change of base, if not of heart, on the Irish question, and the latter retaliates in kind:

"There is, however, one other authority which I may quote against the Duke of Argyll, and which he may deem worth my quoting. It is the Duke of Argyll. A few years ago he was more temperately and more equitably minded with respect to Ireland. In the end of 1885 he addressed a letter to the *Times* newspaper, which it may be well to bring under the notice of the American reader. The Duke argues, after referring to the arrangements with other colonies, that the inexorable conditions of physical geography demand in Ireland a kind and a measure of connection which is impossible farther off. And where did the Duke find a solution for this difficulty? Not in the provisions established by the Act of Union as it now stands. He looked across the Atlantic, not as now to estrange the American people from the cause of Ireland, but to supply in principle a pattern upon which we might model the work which he then plainly contemplated as needful. His words are:

"The United States alone, of all the nations of the earth, must in this matter be our great exemplar."

How, then, stands the case at this moment? The Duke labors to convert the people of the Union to the opinion he now holds, but away from the opinion he held only six years ago. I have cited his arguments and the passage in which he declares that for determining the relations between Ireland and Great Britain, the relation of the States to the Union is to supply our great exemplar.

That Dear Old Word, Good-by,

Is a mighty sad one when it is the parting salutation between friends whom thousands of miles of salt water are about to separate. Mariners, buyers in foreign lands for heavy houses, commercial travelers who have made many trips across the stormy Atlantic, think little of an ocean voyage, but to the first voyager the initial trip is a momentous affair. Sea sickness is to be expected as a matter of course. How to prevent it? The finest remedy and preventive of the nausea provoked by the tossing of a vessel, the jarring motion of the screw of a steamship, or of a locomotive train, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, pronounced by sea captains, ship doctors, tourists, travelers and emigrants the finest stomachic and best defense against ailments of the bowels, digestive organs and liver in existence. Malaria, rheumatism, kidney trouble and debility are remedied by it.

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CLEANER THAN EVER.

That is the Condition American Cities Should be in to Receive the Cholera.

An American Woman's Experience in Berlin—No More Trailing Street Dresses.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Sept. 26.—The cholera at our gates has had a very marked effect already in the matter of cleanliness and diet. New York city has not been so clean—at least this statement was made by a member of the board of aldermen—in twenty-five years. Men and women are engaged in airing, sweeping, and scrubbing nooks and corners, dark and filthy beyond description, while policemen employed for the purpose stand guard to see that the work is properly done. With the exception of the discomfort, and in some cases the acute misery of the passengers on the Normannia, the cholera has been, at least up to date, a means of grace to the American people, and if the criminal transportation of the human ignorance and filth that Europe is so glad to be rid of, can be stopped long enough for sensible legislation, we may call ourselves a saved people.

The New York *Sun* calls the Hamburg-American Packet Company "The Pestilence Transportation Company," and with good reason. Every emigrant vessel after this should be turned Europeanward before she is allowed to reach Sandy Hook.

It is a pity that politics has had to be poisonously injected into this situation, which was certainly bad enough without it. Dr. Jenkins, the health officer of the port, is Richard Crocker's son-in law, and of course everybody knows that Richard Crocker is the present boss of Tammany Hall. Because of this fact, poor unfortunate Jenkins, who is a splendid physician and an honest, kindly man if ever one existed, has been subjected to every description of criticism, misrepresentation, misjudgment and falsehood. But he has not once succumbed, though he must sometimes have felt that his punishment was greater than he could bear. So far the plague has been kept away from our homes, but this has been accomplished by the scientific skill and splendid executive ability of this same Tammany son-in-law. Now I am not partial to political bosses whether Democratic or Republican, but to condemn a man because of his relationship by marriage to one of these autocrats, can be possible only to the unscrupulous.

It is quite impossible to reply to the questions in the scores of letters concerning the best way of avoiding the scourge.

So far not one American has died of cholera on the pest ships. Dr. Jenkins says that this is the result of cleanliness, but he does not wish to be understood as saying that cleanly people do not often die of cholera in epidemic periods. But this is because of direct contact with disease germs. We are told to keep our bodies in as good order as possible, outside and in, to see that our surroundings are free from everything that could develop the seeds of disease, and to keep some disinfectant in constant use in cellars and closets. A correspondent who confesses to great nervousness about cholera, wishes to be told if chloride of lime is a true and powerful disinfectant. "Will it kill disease germs?" Her doctor says it "is a cleanser but not a destroyer of bacilli," and ordered Platt's Chlorides for her use.

I think our friend need go no farther than her physician in this matter. I always use these chlorides, and have seen their effect in virulent small-pox, diphtheria and scarlet fever. True, this disinfectant is odorless, but it is not necessary for a thing to offend the sense of smell in order to be efficacious.

See that your cellar and your garret, your closets, your outhouses contain no decaying matter. Know that things are clean, and then keep the chlorides sprinkled about. Pour a few drops into basins and closets, and if you are careful about the diet of your family, you will doubtless escape the enemy you so much dread.

An American lady in Berlin writes enthusiastically in regard to the sensible dress styles now in vogue in that city.

"Such a reaction from the condition of five years ago!" she says, "Why, at that time the women seemed to have gone literally mad on this subject. The more radical the fashion the better were they pleased. Indeed they seemed to glory in the ultra radical. They had no more feeling for their ribs, concern about their lungs and other vital organs, than the most ignorant among our American women. Whether the law passed in Berlin against the wearing of trained dresses upon the street, has anything to do with this remarkable change, I do not know. But many of the society women wear Delsarte waists, and attend classes in physical culture, and the long skirt is seen on special occasions only. This change is very wholesome in its influence upon American students, for those of them in the past who had social ambitions, were badly handicapped by their inability to keep within hailing distance of the prevailing mode."

Another American tourist relates a laughable incident of the attempted arrest of a friend who forgot and walked out of the house in a bell skirt that dipped a little in the back.

"In less than five minutes an officer was beside her, gesticulating and orating in the most comical imaginable manner. It was so sudden that my friend at first did not understand, but when the truth at last dawned upon her, she gathered up her offending petticoats and ran—yes ran, as fast as her feet could carry her toward home. The officer did not offer to follow her, but stood stock-still evidently highly amused by the foreigner's fright and speed.

"The fool," she indignantly exclaimed, "not to know a simple bell skirt from a trained one."

"But your skirt touched the ground, and that is forbidden by law," I ventured to suggest.

"Bah!" said she: "I wish I was in America where I could wear what I please."

But there are no trained street dresses worn even in free America the coming fall and winter, and because fashion has so decreed, the woman who disobeys her mandate will be considered several degrees more silly than a born fool.

ELEANOR KIRK,
No. 698 Greene avenue.

OBITUARY.

MR. PATRICK MONGOVAN.

Mr. Patrick Mongovan, an old and respected citizen of Chicago, died at his residence, No. 3341 Ashland avenue, on Friday of last week, after a brief illness. He was a patriotic Irishman, a native of historic Clare. Born in the little town of Kilmihil in 1839, he was compelled, owing to the ravages of the famine, to emigrate to this country at the early age of 12 years. He fought the battle of life well in the pioneer days, and came to reside in this city some twenty eight years ago, where he secured a competence. His death was rather unexpected, as being of a strong constitution it was believed he would overcome the illness. The funeral took place on Sunday last to the parish church of St. Bridget, where requiem mass was celebrated by the Rev. M. J. Dowling, V.G., from whence the remains were conveyed to Calvary cemetery, attended by a large concourse of mourning friends. The pall bearers were Messrs. John Moran, William Burrow, Michael O'Leary, Patrick McGrath, Michael McMahon, and Malachi Collins. He leaves a bereaved widow to mourn his untimely loss.

MR MARTIN LAWLOR.

On Thursday of last week Mr. Martin Lawlor died rather unexpectedly at his residence, No. 7701 Jefferson avenue, Grand Crossing, this city, after a brief illness, at the comparatively early age of 48 years. The funeral occurred on Saturday, Sept. 24, from his late residence to St. Lawrence church, Seventy-fourth street and Madison avenue, where solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated. The Rev. Father Moloney, who officiated, delivered a touching eulogy on the deceased, speaking, as one who knew him intimately, of the many noble traits of character which had endeared him to his numerous friends and made him respected by his associates. At the conclusion of the services the casket was again borne to the hearse and escorted by a long line of carriages to Mount Olivet cemetery, where the remains were interred in the family lot. The pallbearers were Chas. G. Sullivan, William O'Brien, Maurice Shea, John Lonergan, John Sullivan and Timothy F. McCarthy.

Mr. Lawlor left Castleisland, in his native county of Kerry about thirty years ago, and landed in Massachusetts. Young and enthusiastic in the cause of his oppressed motherland, he joined the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, known a few years later as the Fenian Brotherhood. Though not having taken an active part in Irish revolutionary matters for several years, he always maintained that of all the organized efforts of the Irish to break the British yoke Fenianism was the most formidable of modern times. He moved to this city about fifteen years ago, where he was well and favorably known. It belongs to the nature only of few men who have witnessed defeat after defeat, disunion after disunion, no to grow cold; yet here was one in his battle through life, that time had not lessened nor separation dampened his ardent love and devotion for the land of his nativity. Mr. Lawlor was a good citizen, kind and hospitable, a loving husband and an affectionate parent, and with his widowed wife and five children an innumerable host of friends mourn his loss.

In Memoriam.

At the regular meeting of Branch No. 2, Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, held in Kerwin's hall Sept. 23, the following in reference to the death of Father John Walsh was adopted:

WHEREAS, For the first time in this branch death has claimed one of our members, Rev. John Walsh, who had been our first president, and who by his sincerity and exertion was instrumental in advancing the interests of this association; be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Branch No. 2 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association tender to the relatives of Father Walsh our sympathy in their affliction, and assure them that we feel as they that his place will be difficult to fill both as a companion and director; and be it further

Resolved, That the charter be draped for the period of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be given to the friends of the deceased, and a copy be sent to the *New World* and THE CITIZEN for publication.

MAURICE LAWLER,
JOSEPH B. CRANE,
CHARLES O'DONNELL,
Committee.

The formula of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is well known to the medical profession, and universally approved. The reputation of the firm guarantees excellence and uniformity in the medicine, and the world's experience for nearly half a century has fully demonstrated its value.

GAELS DIDN'T PLAY.

But They Held a Rousing Indignation Meeting on the Grounds,

And Freely Expressed Their Opinions of Mayor Washburne's Course Toward Them.

[*Chicago Herald*, Sept. 26.]

Bystanders said the course pursued by members of the Gaelic Athletic Association yesterday was dignified, manly and in splendid contrast with the mischievous littleness of Mayor Washburne's suppression of their games at Thirty seventh street and Indiana avenue yesterday. The Gaels obeyed the law but they snapped their fingers at Hempstead Washburne.

Groans were given for the mayor, Alderman Madden, blue-law advocater, anarchy and other things, but cheers rang out for the "law of the land and the Stars and Stripes."

A force of police to the number of 100 were present under command of Inspector Koch. The bluecoats were treated with good natured toleration.

It was a matter of general comment on the part of outsiders who went to the Gaelic grounds in the expectation of witnessing a rumpus that Inspector Koch's men would have a pretty hard time of it if the hurlers lost their tempers. There are 3,000 members in the Gaelic Athletic Association, and they all seemed to be on deck. Stalwart, slashing-looking fellows they were, too; every one of them the making of a dragoon.

There appeared to be more "hurlys" on the field than the needs of the game would warrant—"hurlys" are a terrible thing in a scrimmage. Another thing that made onlookers anxious and the police uneasy was the fact that the Gaels all left their sweethearts at home. One of the prettiest and most interesting features of the Gaelic games is that colleens have been usually as numerous at the fun every Sunday as at a fair in Tipperary. They all staid away yesterday. There was danger in the air. The police were to be there to put down an innocent pastime at the bidding of the mayor. To be sure, the boys all agreed beforehand that, as far as they were concerned there would be no disturbance. But then they remembered that now and again the Chicago police have been credited with forcing a fight. Then, too, all the Gaels are, as their title suggests, Irish to the core. The Celts have the name, and are not often heard to disown it, of not relishing to be trampled on. So there was the prospect of their blood getting the better of them.

This is why they did not bring their sweethearts along and why they thought an extra hurly might come in handy.

At 2:30 o'clock, the time for the play to begin, the Innisfails and Emmets took their places in the center of the field. They wore green jerseys and green caps, and handled their heavy hurlys as easily as if they were walking sticks.

The ball was about to be tossed up when the cry was passed along "here comes the police!" There were not less than 4,000 persons on the grounds at the time. Everyone looked anxious. The Gaels tightened their grips on their hurly handles. There was a fierce flash in their eyes. The big-limbed, sinewy fellows looked desperate.

"Think of your pledge, boys." This cam from Edward E. Walsh, a cool-headed member of the council of the Gaelic Athletic Association. The grim-looking chaps heard the reminder and they looked toward their captains, William Martin, of the Innisfails, and Thomas Murphy, of the Emmets.

"Ed Walsh is right, boys," said the captains in chorus. The Gaels stepped back and made way for Captain Madden and Inspector Koch, who asked for a conference with the officers of the association. Attorney Ames, President Donoghue, Edward E. Walsh, R. W. Wolfe, James S. Hyland and Captains Martin and Murphy responded.

In a shamefaced way Captain Madden said:

"I am here to deliver an order by the city executive forbidding you to play any games on these grounds this afternoon. It is my duty to see that that order is carried out to the letter, and I shall have to see that it is so carried out. I hope that you will understand the situation. I am acting under orders from my superior officers, and I am accountable to them for the manner in which I carry them out. I hope that you will refrain from playing here this afternoon so that there will be no occasion for me to interfere and make arrests."

Attorney Ames asked: "Do we understand this to be an official notification that we cannot play here today?"

"Yes, sir; that is what it is," replied the officer.

"Very well, sir," replied Mr. Ames, "we accept the notification and no games will be played. We desire to avoid arrests because our intention is to make a test of this and we do not wish to put ourselves into a bad light by offering any disrespect to the executive of this city or to the servants of the municipal authorities. We will not play this afternoon and there will be no disorder, I assure you."

"All right, sir," said Captain Madden. "Please make that announcement to the crowd so that the people may understand the arrangements."

It seemed hard, they all said, for Gaels to submit to be treated like outlaws, but they curbed themselves admirably. There had to be some means of giving vent to their feelings, so it was decided to organize a monster meeting on the spot. A platform was quickly built and Alderman O'Brien, of the Nineteenth ward, was called to the chair. The Alderman started off by saying that they had not come together "to advocate anarchy or lawlessness."

"Down with anarchy!" shouted a lusty-lunged son of Erin, and the groans were long and hearty.

"Three cheers for the Stars and Stripes." They were given with a will. "A rouser for the flag of green!" That shout was a 'rouser" in earnest.

Ald. O'Brien resumed: "Do not blame the police. They are only servants of the law. They must obey orders, and it is a good servant who obeys his master. Don't speak harshly of them. They are obeying the orders of the chief executive of this city—Mayor Washburne—(hisses and groans). "No, no that is not right. He is your chief executive and you owe him your respect. [A voice—"He wont be elected again."] I am glad that you are so orderly and I hope when you disband you will be as orderly as you are now. I hope the alderman of this ward will pardon me for coming out here and making a speech to you. [A voice—' He is a pal of Washburne and he will never be re-elected.'] I am in sympathy with this association and I will introduce an order in the council tomorrow night to grant you a permit to have your games here on Sunday afternoon."

Attorney Ames was next introduced. He complimented the men before him for their gentlemanly behavior and promised them that their orderly bearing under prosecution would win the applause of the community.

"We did not believe," he said, "that the mayor intended to carry out the order he gave, and we came out here to see whether we would be allowed to have games or not. We intend to have the games. It is the first time that I ever saw New England blue laws enforced in Chicago. We want no privileges from the city, but we want to be treated as others are treated. If it is wrong to play football here on Sunday it is wrong to play at other places. We don't want class legislation. We don't want to be the only athletic association in Chicago to be put on a par with the Garfield Park Club. We are confident of securing a permit from the city council and then we can carry on our games independent of that little man in the city hall."

Captain John Scofield, a member of the Wanderer's Cricket Club, had played on the spot on which the meeting was being held, he said, Sundays and week days since his boyhood days, and it remained for the "smallest man who ever occupied the mayor's chair in Chicago to interfere with a manly sport."

As the big crowd dispersed Inspector Koch exclaimed: "The most respectable body of men I have ever seen."

A determined attempt will be made at the council meeting tonight to nullify the mayor's ukase.

Refused a License.

The *Herald* of Sept. 28 says: "Representatives of the Gaelic Athletic Association called upon City Collector Amberg Tuesday and asked for a permit to play Sunday athletic games. The license was refused on the ground that the mayor had not yet authorized the playing of Sunday games.

"Monday night the council adopted an order requiring the chief of police not to interfere with the games of the club and authorizing a license. Unless the mayor vetoes the order it becomes a law after ten days.

"Alderman Madden, who heads the opposition to Sunday games, says the order does not direct the mayor to issue a license but simply restrains police interference. Without the license, he argues, the association cannot play games unless there is no admission fee.

"Objectors to the games of the Gaelic Association met after the council meeting Monday night and decided to go into the courts. The action of the council was not satisfactory. It is claimed every resident adjacent to the grounds at Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue is opposed to Sunday playing, and that the petition presented to the aldermen should have been dealt with more decisively."

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UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Field of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

BOOK II:—CHAPTER XIII—(Continued.)

The Irish Brigade had now a full view of the exciting scene of combat, of the solid scarlet square marching onward so steadily and determinedly, the exterior ranks loading and firing as they went, the officers laying their canes and spontoons along the muskets to direct the aim of their men; before it the ground strewn with the bodies of the French, behind it the slope littered with red and yellow uniforms.

Many a heart beat wildly at the sight all on fire with fierce Celtic vengeance; many a stalwart grasp grew tighter on the musket barrel; many an eye looked eagerly and yearningly for the signal to march against the foe now so near at hand—the hated Sassenach foe!

Great was the thrill that ran through the Brigade as the Swiss Guards, drawn up immediately on their right, got the order to attack. Pouring in a furious volley the Switzers rushed with levelled bayonets against the scarlet column. But that "infernal fire" threw them into disorder and rout, and turning about they came flying in the direction of the Irish, while a corps of cavalry galloped forward to their relief.

The Regiments of Clare and Rothe opened their ranks to let the fugitives pass, and closed up again with speed and precision.

"Our turn next!" were the ominous words that passed along the ranks, the rows of Irish faces growing set and stern with determination.

But they were doomed to disappointment. The next regiment that attacked was a French one, and the next, and the next,—the corps of Aubeterre, of the king, of Haimault, etc., charging in succession only to be driven back in succession by the steady fire of the allied column.

Great was the excitement in the Irish ranks at each successive triumph of the enemy.

"Good heavens!" was the dissatisfied murmur of Major Glascock, "are we to be treated as we were at Dettingen—left without chance of charging a bayonet or firing a shot?"

"I think not," replied Fergus, whom he addressed; "our time *must* come, and that ere long, if the enemy continue to gain ground. Hallo—the cavalry."

As he spoke the earth seemed to shake beneath the thunderous beat of horses' hoofs, as squadron after squadron of the French cavalry—Carabiniers, Gardes du Corps, Mousquetaires, Gensdarmie—rushed upon the moving human fortress, their kettledrums beating, their banners waving, their flashing swords uplifted—rushed upon it only to be hurled back like the foam from a rock, with blood on their manes and saddles.

With much difficulty Fergus made out the form of his rival, Antoine de Riveul, charging at the head of his squadron. As the muskets of the Coldstreams flashed and rattled he thought he saw him fall from his saddle, but soon afterwards noticed him ride bareheaded to the rear, his sabre red with gore.

"There go our countrymen—poor fellows! they've got as bad a cutting up as the rest," remarked the major as Fitz James' cavalry, conspicuous in their red uniforms, recoiled in turn from the fire of the terrible column. Full twenty five of their officers and a due proportion of their privates had been laid low.

The firing now became most desperate and terrific. From the West came the roar of a mighty cannonade, where the garrison of Tournay was making a fierce sortie on the investing army under the Marquis de Bress; while the Dutch infantry in column, supported by their cavalry, renewed their assault on the position at Antoine, where they were mown down by a battery planted on the opposite bank of the Scheld. Between Tournay and Antoine the earth seemed alight with the flashes of 200 cannon, of 100 000 muskets, whose blended reports were fearful and deafening.

On marched the irresistable column, leaving both Fontenoy and the redoubt behind it, and halting in the plain fully three hundred paces beyond, where, in the midst of an amphitheatre of baffled foes, it gave vent to a triumphant cheer. Had the Dutch now penetrated the lines of St. Antonie the battle was virtually over; but they found the additional redoubts too strong for them; the jealous foresight of Lally had saved the French army from utter annihilation!

The moment was a fearful one. Saxe was frantic with despair. Strong with excitement, he quitted his litter and mounted a horse. Too feeble to wear a cuirass, a kind of buckler of quilted taffets was placed before him on the pommel of his saddle to protect him from the rain of bullets, but he threw it aside with an exclamation of impatience.

"The battle is lost!" he said; "bid the king and the Dauphin save themselves. Let Fontenoy and Antoine be evacuated; the army must retire beyond the bridge of Calonne!"

Two several messengers he dispatched to Louis requesting him to fly. The courtiers scrambled down from the trees at Notre Dame des Bois, and the royal standard was struck! But the Count de la Marche refused to stir from Antoine, where his brave men still held the Dutch in check.

During all this time the impatience of the Brigade was bordering on fury. The men beat their musket buts fiercely on the turf; their officers' eyes were dim with gazing for the battle signal. Lord Clare himself was highly exasperated.

Lally, ever active, was riding over the field, "impatient that the devotion of the Irish Brigade was not turned to account," when he fell in with the king's favorite, the Duc de Richelieu, whose words were words of dismay and despair.

"Peste! what is this I hear of retreat!" exclaimed the zealous count; "the day is not lost yet—far from it. Batter the front of yonder column with artillery. Let all the regiments make a combined attack with the cold steel. Employ the Irish Brigade!"

"It shall be done," replied the duke, galloping at headlong speed to where an excited council was going on around Louis and Saxe, to whom he communicated the advice of Lally, giving it, adroit courtier that he was, as his own. The counsel was at once approved of by the king; general officers dashed off to head their various divisions; Saxe rode off, all weak though he was, to make a hasty circuit of the field; and four field guns went clattering at full speed to the front, the Duc de Pequigne, who accompanied them crying:

"No retreat!—the king orders that these cannon shall gain the victory!"

"Here comes the marshal—ten to one our time has come at last!" exclaimed the eager major of Lally's as Saxe came toward them at full speed, his enfeebled frame swaying to and fro in his saddle as he came onward.

He reined in his steed at the group of mounted officers and pointed to the hostile column. Fergus could not catch his words, but he knew by the sudden exultant look that beamed in the face of Clare that at long length the order was given for the Brigade to advance! Next moment the colonels spurred to their places at the heads of their respective regiments; and then the Brigade knew what was required of them, and that the hour of their national vengeance had come. A thrilling moment was that for the exiled children of oppressed Ireland:

"How fierce the look these exiles wear,
who re wont to be so gay—
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in
their hearts today!
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith
'twas writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined
shrines, their women's parting cry,
Their priests hounded down like wolves,
their country overthrown—
Each looks as revenge for all were staked
on him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet
elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than
these proud exiles were!"

"Forward—march!" rang the command of Clare, clear as a trumpet-call, swift followed by the music of fife and drum; and the familiar regimental air had in its every note a deep and ominous significance, steeling every heart, bracing every nerve, as the ranks steadily and speedily wheeled into line, pacing in time to the strains of "The White Cockade."

Then, as the quaint old tune arose on the gentle breeze of May, and the scarlet line came onward like a moving wall, its white colors waving over its glittering row of bayonets, the troops of Cumberland (to use the words of a British writer) "well knew how the slaughter would deepen, and when the most bloody resistance would be made!"

"Forward, my brave fellows!" shouted the stentorian voice of Lally, his sword flashing from its sheath as he drew it and pointed towards the English ranks. "March against the enemies of France and yourselves, and fire not till you have the points of your bayonets at their breasts!"

On in front of his company an officer of Clare's, Captain Anthony McDonogh, came face to face with an officer of the enemy. A few swift clashes of their swords and the Englishman was down, to be sent a wounded prisoner to the rear; and this incident caused a cheer from the Brigade.

A tremendous volley burst from the English line, and a deadly leaden shower tore through the ranks of the Brigade, strewing the ground with dead and wounded. Two bullets rang on the cuirass of Lord Clare; Colonel Dillon fell dead from his saddle; and fully one fourth of the Irish officers went down before that fearful fire. Lieuts. Byrne and Kelly were shot dead close to Fergus O'Roman; but the latter immediately snatched the flag from the hand of one of them and waved it aloft.

"Charge bayonets—charge!"

On like loosened demons swept the Irish, their lowered bayonets gleaming in a thirsty line, on without firing a shot, while a hoarse, vengeful shout rose up from their ranks and seemed to shake the heavens:

"Cuimhnigidh ar Luimneach agus feall na Sassonach!" (Remember Limerick and Saxon faith.)

They smote the hostile line like a tornado, dashed impetuously into the foe, and went down before them in all directions; and the bayonets late so bright in the sun were soon crimsoned with the blood of the flower of England's soldiery, her stalwart Guardsmen. On they pressed, cleaving deeper and deeper into the now confused throng of British, their fierce slogan ringing high above the uproar of conflict, above the mingled cries of encouragement and defiance, above the reports of muskets discharged with the muzzles almost pressing against men's bosoms, the clash of thrusting bayonets, and the dull crash of musket butts descending on heads and shoulders.

The regiments of Normandy and Vaisseaux, coming up at the double-quick, ably seconded them, and plunged with levelled bayonets into the enemy's square. The front of the latter, battered by the guns brought up by Pequigni, now reeled beneath the united charge of the French squadrons, who spurred their steeds into the devoted scarlet ranks, trampling them down like a field of grain, and slashing furiously with their sabres. Some of the Carbinieres mistook the Irish for foemen on account of their red uniforms, and actually cut down some of them ere made aware of their error by the cry of "Vive la France!"

On went the avenging Brigade. The Regiment de Bulkeley (or Buckley's) made fearful havock of the Coldstream Guards, capturing their pair of standards and also two horsed guns attached to their battalion and strewing the ground with their dead and wounded. Fergus noticed his enemy Lindsay fighting desperately at the head of his men, but almost as he caught sight of him he saw a corporal of Buckley's strike him on the head with his musket and lay him prostrate.

He himself fought in the red brunt of the melee, where the carnage was thickest, and was soon bleeding from half a dozen wounds, none of them very serious. In front of him rode Lieut-Col. O'Hegarty, wielding his sword with dire effect and encouraging his men by word and action, but at length his horse plunged wildly and fell dead, pierced by the enemy's bayonets. One of the English guards lunged at the fallen officer wounding him slightly in the eye, but O'Roman cut him down ere he could repeat the stroke, and also a comrade who sprang forward to avenge him. As he stepped onward over the bodies of the prostrate Guardsmen a bullet grazed his thigh, feeling like the sear of a red-hot iron, and lodged in the knee of Major Glascock, who contrived, however, to limp manfully forward.

Suddenly the English seemed to have vanished. The Brigade beheld the Regiment du Roi cutting up the remnant of the yellow clad Hanoverians, and heard the French cavalry bugles sounding the pursuit, as Mousquetaires, Carabiniers, Fitzjames', and other mounted corps dashed off with thirsty sabres on the gory track of the fleeing allies, to hew them down and chase them off the field of battle.

Then loud and long was the cheer that peeled up from that triumphant band of Irish soldiery!

The battle was won, and the combat that had led to its winning, from the moment the bayonets of the Brigade had received their first ruddy baptism, had only occupied about ten minutes:

"And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had
been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh,
vehement, and true."

The combat over and won, King Louis and his staff came riding to the front and led the victorious army, re-arrayed after the confusion of the final charge, onward over the field of slaughter, till seven hundred yards beyond the position occupied by the enemy during the action; and here he had it drawn out for review in honor of the victory. A joyous and exciting scene was that—the hats waving in the air, the forest brandished bayonets glittering in the sunshine, the snowy flags tossed in wild triumph like sails on an agitated sea, while the thunderous shouts of "Vive le Roi!" rang loudly over hill and dale. Louis and his son rode among the ranks, thanking each corps in turn, and at length they came to the Irish Brigade.

There, in front of the remains of his gallant regiment, was Lally, sitting wounded on a drum, near him being several English officers—prisoners. The Dauphin flew towards him and announced the favors his royal father intended for the Brigade.

"Monseigneur," was the facetious reply, "the favors are like those of the Gospel; they descend upon the blind and the lame!"

And he pointed to O'Hegarty and Glascock, one wounded in the eye and the other in the knee.

The king called the heroic savior of his army to the front and nominated him brigadier on the field.

Next day Louis rode over to the camp of the Brigade and thanked its every corps, one after another, for the service they had done him. His Majesty made several promotions, and Fergus O'Roman found himself hailed as captain.

The losses on both sides were soon approximately known; that on the French side, in killed and wounded, was upwards of 700; that of the allies considerable greater. The French had captured about 2 500 prisoners and fifty cannon; of these latter fifteen had been taken by the Irish, out of the twenty that had accompanied the formidable column. Colors there were none taken save the pair wrested from the Coldstreams by the heroic corps of Buckley, the successors of the famous "Old Brigade" of Mountcashel. On the night following the action a corps of pursuit under the Count d'Estrees captured 182 commissariat wagons of the allies.

Fontenoy opened a round of successes for the troops of Louis. The siege of Tourmay was pressed with vigor, the Brigade taking active part in it and Lord Clare being there wounded by the bursting of a shell. It soon surrendered, and was quickly followed by the defeat of an allied force at Melle and the surprise of Ghent. At the latter place was found a great military magazine, containing among other matters a quantity of new clothing and equipments for the English regiments, which goods, by order of Louis and Saxe, were "distributed gratis to the six Irish regiments." Then came the reductions of Oudenarde, Dendermonde, Ostend, Nieuport, and Ath, at each of which the Brigade was more or less engaged.

At last, in September, King Louis started for Paris, where he made a triumphal entry of great magnificence, the streets he passed through being spread with tapestry, the shops kept closed for three days in honor of the event, the fronts of every house illuminated at night, and fountains of wine running in the streets France was wild with joy.

How great was the elation of Captain Fergus O'Roman, as, having got a liberal leave of absence, he bade an au revoir to the Brigade and set out to visit her who had been ever prominent in his thoughts—her of whom he had scarcely heard for an entire year—his betrothed wife! How perfectly happy he was with himself and everything around him, with the cheerful sun and benignant sky, with the merry and mellow autumnal landscape. How wildly and fondly throbbed his heart as he once more caught sight of the stately seigniorial turrets of Peronne!

The sentinel at the town gate presented arms as he rode in; a few gamins uttered a cheer for "le brave Irlandais"—telling him how keenly the valiant charge of the Brigade was appreciated—but on he rode till he gained the avenue leading to the chateau. He noticed with some surprise that the way was spanned by a gay arch of evergreens and that there was a brilliant display of flags on the tourelles of the mansion. He now perceived several gilded carriages, surrounded by lackeys in gorgeous liveries, drawn up before the grand entrance.

"Why all these carriages?" he inquired of the first man he met.

"Why, monsieur, they belong to the nobles who have come to attend the marriage of Madame Eloise—heaven bless her! The ceremony has just taken place in the chapel."

"Married! Eloise!" ejaculated O'Roman, turning deadly pale; "to whom has she been married?"

"The Chevalier Antoine de Riveul, nephew of the great Marshal Saxe."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

A learned and interesting work on "The Ancient Irish Church" has just been published by the Rev. John Healy, LL.D., Rector of Kells. The writer has spared no labor to make the work as accurate a historic record as possible.

Something to look out for—the fraudulent imitations, dilutions, and substitutes that are sold as Dr. Pierce's *genuine* medicines, at less than the regular prices.

To protect the public from fraud and deception, these *genuine guaranteed* medicines are now sold only through druggists regularly authorized as agents, and *always* at these long-established prices:

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery (for the liver, blood and lungs) $1.00.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription (for woman's weaknesses, irregularities and ailments) $1.00.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets (for the liver, stomach and bowels), 25 cents a vial.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, 50c.

But remember this; they cost you *nothing*, if they don't help you. They're *guaranteed* in every case to benefit or cure, or the money is returned. They're the *cheapest* medicines you can buy, for you *pay only for the good you get*—but they're the *best*, too, or they couldn't be sold on any such terms.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

GAELIC POETRY.

Meabhruidh Caithreim Bhriain.

Meabhruidh caithréim Bhriain, ler gnáthach buaidh,
Gidh tá laithe an ghaisgidh na luidhe,
Gidh caillte do Mhuain é agus slaite 'san uaimh,
'Snach bh-fillidh go Clonn-coradh a choidh.
An reult ud na faith' agap solus nach raibh fann,
Air a chath tá nois baithte faoi cheo,
Acht tá leor ruin d'a lochrá ag lasadh air gach lann,
Le n-ár d-treorugh' chum buaidh in gach gleo.

A Mhuain' nuair do bronadh ort le féile neamh ghann,
Gach aille, gach máise 's gach seun
Ar saoileadh go bh-fuighfidh air shliabh no a ngleann
Lorg fuathmhar oire foirneartmhair dhéin?
Biodh ag an Lochlannach sheanas, cionte fíor
Go d-troidfimid fa shaoirse go treun,
'S gur fearr a bheith bliadhanta faoi chreachda le bheith saor,
Na támh-uaire a slabhraibh faoi leun.

Ná dearmuid na co-laochra dílse thug toll
Bheith fasguighthe go calmach 'sa ngleo,
Gidh bhi caonach an ghleanna dearg le na bh-full,
Níor theitheadar acht thuiteadar déis clóth.
An ghrian atá d'ár soilsiugh' do chonnaire iad na luidhe
Air bhánseachaibh Osairghe air lár,
Ná biodh smuid air, ná brat-bhróin anochd ag dul faoi
Fá gur thuiteadar gan cuitiugh' san ár!

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5 50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12 50 We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12 00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14 35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $36.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35

Offer No 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10 This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15 THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside" a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger" hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $12.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12 25

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham or Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13 75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

DR. HAMILTON TALKS.

What He Says of Quarantine Regulations.

ESTABLISHMENT OF CAMP LOW.

First Plant of a National Quarantine at the Port of New York—The Sudden Rise in the Price of Fire Island—Dr. Jenkins Reports the Port of New York Entirely Free from Cholera—Reports from the Other Side.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—Before leaving Washington for Chicago Dr. J. B. Hamilton, who established Camp Low at Sandy Hook for ocean passengers detained at quarantine, said: "The only regret I have in leaving the station is that I am no

QUARANTINE STATION.

longer able to look out for those poor people. Cabin passengers may easily enough find accommodations, but nobody cares for the poor immigrants.

A Solemn Duty.

"Now that the government has taken the matter up we may expect them to be well treated; that is, so long as our country continues to admit immigration it is a solemn duty to see that the people are well treated, properly housed, and decently fed while undergoing the detention necessary to prevent their bringing seeds of disease with them into the country. Camp Low as now constructed affords every facility for airing the baggage and effects of the immigrants, and there is plenty of room for their obtaining fresh air and sunlight in abundance. Hoffman island has not a spear of grass nor any beach. It is simply a made island of asphalt pavement on which there is not a tree. There are only warehouses in which these immigrants are stocked in three and four decker bedsteads.

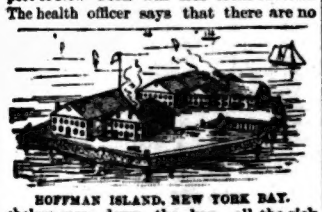
Anchorage for Large Vessels.

"In addition to the accommodation for immigrants on shore there is plenty of anchorage for deep water vessels, and the harbor is land locked in New Jersey off Sandy Hook. It is thus seen that the first plant of a national quarantine establishment at the port of New York is an established fact. The present head of the Marine hospital bureau in joining with Dr. Jenkins in recommending the establishment of a hospital on Fire island had not in view the broad plan of a national quarantine at New Yotk. Moreover, the district of Fire island station is such as to preclude it from practical consideration. It is well known that Mr. Sammis had offered the place for $100,000 during the summer. It was a big appreciation of property that gave him $210,000 for the Fire island hotel."

ALL CLEAR AT NEW YORK.

The Board of Health Reports No Cholera at Gotham.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—Monday morning Dr. Jenkins and Dr. Sternberg after returning from lower quarantine and Hoffman island officially announced that the port of New York was free from cholera. The health officer says that there are no



HOFFMAN ISLAND, NEW YORK BAY.

cholera cases down the bay, all the sick having recovered. The board of health posted the following bulletin at 10 o'clock Monday morning: "No cases of cholera in this city sin the last bulletin."

Arrival of Vessels.

Among the arrivals at upper quarantine Monday morning were the Red Star liner Pennland with 210 cabin passengers on board. She reported all well. The Guion liner Arizona also arrived with 468 cabin passengers on board. She also has no sickness. Neither of the ships carry immigrants and their detention will be short. The oil tank steamer Elsie Maria, from Hamburg, was released at 10 o'clock Monday morning, as was also the steamer Servia, which at once proceeded to her dock. The Anchor line steamer Anchoria, which arrived from Glasgow Monday, brings out 332 cabin passengers and no steerage. She reports all well, and will be released.

American Citizens May Land.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—Assistant Secretary Spaulding has instructed collectors of customs that American citizens, whether in cabin or steerage, need not be detained after health officers have certified that it is safe to land them, and in accordance with this general view has instructed the collector at Boston to land the American citizens from the Marathon.

Immigrants Expected at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—Four thousand immigrants are expected in Chicago this week. They are mostly the arrivals who have been detained in the east for quarantine and other causes. They will again be examined here, however, before being allowed to continue their western journey.

Cholera at Hamburg.

HAMBURG, Sept. 26.—The official reports state that there were only seventy new cases and thirty-one deaths from cholera in Hamburg Sunday. The official reports also state that up to Sept 24 the number of cholera cases in Hamburg was 17,157 and the number of deaths was 7,339.

At St. Petersburg and Havre.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 26.—There were seventeen new cases of cholera in this city on Sunday and ten deaths.

HAVRE, Sept. 26.—There were five deaths from cholera on Sunday according to the official reports and four new cases.

Telegraphers on Strike.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia., Sept. 21.—The telegraph operators on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern railroad were ordered to strike by the Order of Railway Telegraphers. The men went out at noon Wednesday. Operators on all the branch lines were notified.

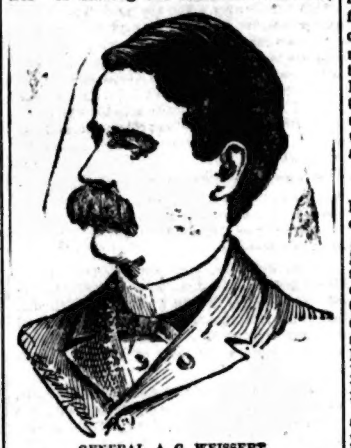
Populists of Connecticut held a convention at New Haven and nominated a full state ticket.

NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

The Grand Army Men Elect General A. G. Weissert of Milwaukee.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 21.—The twenty-sixth national encampment, G. A. R., began its session in Albaugh's Opera house Wednesday morning. At 10:30 Adjutant General Phisterer called the encampment to order when there were less than five hundred delegates in the house and presented Mr. B. H. Warner of the citizens' executive committee, who introduced Hon. J. W. Douglass, president of the district board of commissioners, who welcomed the encampment to Washington. Commander-in-Chief Palmer replied in a fitting manner.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—The national encampment got to work early Thursday morning and proceeded to dispose of business with unexpected rapidity. The resolution which the Ohio delegation were instructed by thier department encampment to present and urge, to abolish the practice of making the commander-in-chief,



GENERAL A. G. WEISSERT.

senior and junior vice commander of the national encampment and ex-department commanders, life members of the national encampment was offered by Delegate Serles. The proposition was supported by half a dozen delegates, but met defeat by an overwhelming majority. The election of commander-in-chief was then taken up. General A. G. Weissert of Milwaukee, ex-department commander of Wisconsin, was put in nomination by his state and the nomination was seconded by a number of other states. General S. A. Hearst of Ohio and Colonel C. P. Lincoln of the department of the Potomac withdrew and General Weissert's election was made practically by acclamation.

The following additional officers were elected: R. H. Warfield of San Francisco, senior vice commander; —— Ayres of Delaware, junior vice commander; Dr. W. C. Weyl of Danbury, Conn., surgeon general, and —— Lowell of Kansas, chaplain-in-chief.

QUARANTINED PASSENGERS.

Long Islanders Want Them to Leave Fire Island.

BAYSHORE, Sept. 21.—A warrant was signed at a meeting of the board of health here Wednesday ordering Sheriff Darling to compel the quarantined passengers now at Fire island to leave that place. Supervisor Young, the president of the board, was grant power to use his own judgment as to taking immediate action. He said after the meeting that he would go to Fire island himself and read the warrant as a matter of form in order to back up the court proceedings which would be instituted. No violence or force would be resorted to he promised.

Cholera at Cracow, Poland.

VIENNA, Sept. 21.—A dispatch from Cracow, Austrian-Poland, says that during the twenty-four hours ending at noon Wednesday, there were twelve deaths from cholera and eighty-eight new cases of the disease in that city, and ten deaths from cholera in the environs of Cracow.

Cholerine at Topeka, Kan.

TOPEKA, Sept. 21.—There is a serious and general alarm felt here over the prevalence of cholerine, although no cases have proved fatal. The health officers have been increased and the city is being thoroughly cleaned.

LOVEJOY ARRESTED.

The Carnegie Secretary Charged with Riot and Assault.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 22.—Secretary Lovejoy of the Carnegie Steel company was arrested Thursday afternoon by Constable Walls on a warrant issued by Alderman King, charging Mr. Lovejoy with aggravated riot and assault and battery. Mr. Lovejoy entered bail at the alderman's office in the sum of $2,000 for court. Thomas Mellon, the banker went on his bond.

The charges against Lovejoy were made by Burgess McLuckie of Homestead. Informations on the same charges have been made against Messrs. Frick, Leishman, Curry, Potter and Childs.

The Worshipers Stampede.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—During services in one of the four synagogues in the tenement house, 27 Ludlow street, Friday morning, some one raised a cry of fire. Immediately there was a panic and a mad rush was made for the door. The fire was speedily extinguished and very little damage was done, but in the panic that ensued four women were trampled to death and a dozen people seriously injured. The fire was caused by two candles which were lighted in one of the places of worship and which set fire to woodwork.

Shot by Her Husband.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 21.—Mrs. Edward L. Potter was shot and instantly killed by her husband about 11 o'clock Tuesday night. Potter, who was alone with his wife at the time, says he was cleaning a rifle when the weapon was discharged. He, however, has been placed under arrest and will have to answer to the charge of manslaughter.

Terrible Fire in Poland.

VIENNA, Sept. 21.—Fire destroyed 100 houses in Olkusz, near Cracow, Monday. The flames were spread through the town by a high wind with such rapidity that dozens of persons were injured before they could flee to the fields. Fourteen persons were burned to death and eight others probably will die of their injuries.

Populists Claim Colorado.

DENVER, Sept. 23.—The People's party state central committee announces that a carefull poll of the state just completed shows they will have a plurality of 17,000 votes for the Weaver electors out of a total of 71,000 voters canvassed.

STORM IN THE EAST.

Four Persons Killed by Collapsing Houses.

THE FIERCEST GALE SINCE 1889.

ew York and Brooklyn Visited by a Violent Storm—Three Men Burned to Death by an Explosion of Kerosene—Frightful Death of an Employe in a Paper Mill—Railway Wreck in Alabama — Other Mishaps.

NEW YORK, Sept. 27.—The northwest wind which whistled over the housetops in New York Monday and in the streets, and blew ceaseless clouds of suffocating dust was a howling gale wherever along this coast there was nothing to break its savage fury. In unprotected places it blew down houses, uprooted trees, and whirled away fences. It drove steamboats together and others against their piers, and in the bay it raised the fiercest sea that has been seen there since the equinoctial storm of 1889. Four persons were killed in the buildings that it blew to pieces in the neighborhood of New York. Two were little boys, who were caught and crushed in the midst of their childish amusement.

The List of Killed.

Ten persons were injured, some so severely that they will not recover. In the eastern district of Brooklyn a partly finished building fell and killed two persons and injured a third. In Queen's county, just outside of Brooklyn, another collapsing house crushed a workman, and in Long Island City the third of the flimsy structures went down and killed one man and wounded several others. These are the killed: In Knickerbocker avenue, Brooklyn—Charles Brown, 8 years old, of 241 Woodbine street, Brooklyn; Joseph Gould, 8 years old, of 229 Woodbine street, Brooklyn. In Cornelia avenue, Ridgewood—John Jermich, 63 years old, of 430 Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn. In Long Island City—Andrew Sarsen, 35 years old, of 157 Court street, Brooklyn.

THEIR LAST GAME OF CRAPS.

Three Men Burned to Death by Exploding Kerosene.

THOMPSON, N. D., Sept. 27.—While a "crap" game of dice was being played by two negroes and several white men Sunday night in what is called the "Old Feed Mill," owned by Jed Ray, an old leaky kerosene can exploded, burning instantaneously all who were in the room. Following is a list of the fatalities: Denny Kehoe, white, burned to a crisp; John Swanson, white, burned to a crisp; J. Turpin, colored, died shortly after being rescued. Those injured are: Sam Curry, white, not expected to live; John Ellis, colored, badly burned; unknown man, burned seriously. The police are after the proprietor of the place, who is said to have fled to Fargo.

Met a Terrible Death.

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 27.—Michael Lawler, 29 years of age, employed at Waters' paper mill in Burnside met with a horrible death on Saturday night. He entered the mill through a window to get a book to read at home. On leaving he slipped from the window and fell into a vat of solution of soda ash. The window closed after him and no one heard his cries. Pesple hunted for him all day Sunday and Monday morning his body was found in the vat. The vat is of boiler iron ten feet deep and contained four feet of the liquid. It was impossible for Lawler to get out unassisted and he slowly perished from the poison in the solution which ate away his skin and portions of the flesh.

Terrible Wreck in Alabama.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Sept. 27.—A short distance south of Opelika, a terrible wreck occurred on the Western railway of Alabama at 2 o'clock Tuesday morning. The west-bound fast express train ran into some wild cars loaded with cotton which had broken out of the switch at Opelika and ran down the track. Engineer Lewis Willis and Fireman Tom Willis, brothers, were instantly killed and buried beneath the wreckage. Postal Clerks Landoum and Carter were fatally hurt and six passengers seriously injured. The wreckage cavght fire and 100 bales of cotton were burned, with also the postal car and mail matter.

Nothing Left of Him but One Foot.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Sept. 27.—The boiler of a locomotive on the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad company's road near Pratt mines blew up instantly killing Engineer John Elmore and fatally scalding Fireman Ben Garner. Sam Estes, a fireman standing at a stationary engine a hundred yards away, was struck by flying fragments of iron and fatally hurt. Conductor W. R. Lambert and a brakeman each received serious injuries. Nothing was found of Engineer Elmore's body but one foot some 300 yards away. The cause of the accident is unknown.

Found the House in Flames.

SHELBYVILLE, Ills., Sept. 27.—Washington Stucker and his family, living about two miles south of here, woke up to find the house in flames. Mr. and Mrs. Stucker were on the lower floor and the two children upstairs. The stairway was on fire, but the father rushed through the flames to save the children, whom he succeeded in rescuing. All three were badly burned and one of the children died. The others will recover.

Wiped Out by Fire.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Sept. 27.—The town of Howard, county seat of Miner county, on the Southern Minnesota railroad, was wiped out by fire Monday afternoon. The fire caught in a livery barn, and spread so rapidly that people barely escaped from the burning buildings. Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Allensworth were caught in a building and fatally burned. Over fifty buildings were destroyed. Loss, $100,000.

Fell in Front of the Knives.

DETROIT, Sept. 27.—Reuben Hyatt was found in his hay field cut in two. He was driving a mower with three horses attached near Nashville when he was thrown in front of the knives. The horses ran and the knives sawed through Hyatt's right foot, stripping the flesh from the leg to the thigh. His head was served as his foot and lay in the grass in two sections.

Michigan League of Republican Clubs.

GRAND RAPIDS, Sept. 27.—The annual convention of the Michigan League of Republican clubs was held Tuesday morning and Philip T. Colgrove of Hastings was elected president, and Charles E. Baxter of Detroit, secretary. John T. Rich, G. J. Dickema and J. Wright Giddings, candidates on the state ticket, made speeches

AT CHICAGO.

Bad Showing for the City Health Department.

CHICAGO, Sept. 27.—William Forney, a collector for the Standard Oil company, left New York for San Francisco Friday on the Pennsylvania limited express. Saturday morning he was taken sick on the train between Pittsburg and Alliance, O., and the conductor, fearing he had cholera put him off the train. He took the next train, arriving here about 5 o'clock last evening. He went to the Central police station and asked to be sent to the hospital. He was taken to the Mercy and the Michael Reese hospitals and was refused admission at both because it was feared he had the cholera, despite his protestations to the contrary.

Courageous Health Officials.

He was then returned to the Central station where they sent him to the office of Health Commissioner Ware. The patient was suffering intensely, but he assured those around him that he was not a cholera suspect. He told a health officer his story and that official promptly told Mr. Forney he would have to go to the pesthouse if he had the cholera, and then hurried away, Three health officers were sitting in the office when Mr. Forney, accompanied by the reporter, walked in. When the sick New Yorker finished telling about being put off a train and also being refused at two hospitals one of the health officers went out on the street to get the fresh air. Another sat in a chair across the room, and at no time did he get within ten feet of the patient.

Called Up a Private Doctor.

An attache of the office tried to call up Dr. Ware, health officer, but couldn't gethim, so he rang up Dr. O. N. Huff. It was some time before he succeeded in getting the doctor to answer the telephone. During this time the sick man fell off his chair from exhaustion, and the reporter unassisted lifted the patient back to his seat. The health officer who sat near by, and who witnessed the man's fall, did not move from his chair. In his own mind he was satisfied that it was a genuine case of cholera, and he intended to keep a safe distance.

Advised to Go to the Hotel.

Dr. Huff answered the telephone while this scene was taking place at the health office. He hurried down town and examined the patient. He said that the man did not have cholera. He ordered him to go to a hotel. The Alexian Bros.' hospital was called up to see if the patient would be received, but the answer came back that sick persons were not admitted after 8:45 p. m. and so Mr. Forney, assisted by a reporter, went to the hotel, not one of the alleged health officers offering to assist him.

PAN-PRESBYTERIAN ALLIANCE.

Papers Read Before the Conference at Toronto.

TORONTO, Sept. 27.—Monday afternoon's session of the Pan-Presbyterian alliance Rev. R. M. Steffens of Holland, Mich., read a paper on the "American Churches and Their Work Among European Immigrants," and Rev. H. J. Rueterick of Cleveland followed on practically the same subject. Dr. John Hall of New York, Dr. Bushnall of Chattanooga, Dr. Praver of New York, Dr. Good of Pennsylvania, Dr. Cochrane of Brantford and Dr. George of Beaver Falls, Pa,, discussed the Chinese question in a very vigorous manner.

Resolution Concerning Chinese.

They all claimed that the record of the United States in regard to the dealing with the Chinese was infamous. A resolution was reported instructing the president and secretary to prepare a strong protest against a continuance of the unjust, oppressive and inhuman treatment given to Chinese seeking entry to the United States and Canada. The resolution will be presented to the two governments. At the evening session papers were read dealing with the church's life and work in the British colonies.

A Couple of Railway Reports.

ALBANY, Sept. 27.—The following is the annual report of the New York, Chicago and St. Louis railroad: Gross earnings, $6,297,362; operating expenses, $5,090,659; net earnings, $1,206,724. Other incomes, $12,255; gross income, $1,238,979; fixed charges, $1,026,391; net income, $212,688. Dividend 3 per cent., $150,000; sinking fund contributions, $249,940; deficit, $37,851. New York, Lake Erie and Western railroad annual report: Gross earnings, $31,-602,912; operating expenses, $21,234,717; net earnings, $10,458,495. Other incomes, $1,-028,078; gross incomes, $8,836,301; fixed charges, $7,8?2,016; net income, $1,004,285.

San Francisco Chinamen Registering.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 27.—The expected break in the ranks of the Chinese of this city occurred Monday morning and General McComb registered the first four Chinese under the Geary law. The news soon spread to Chinatown and there is now a belief that the proclamation issued by the Six companies forbidding Chinese to register will not be obeyed. The presidents of the Six companies met Monday afternoon and it is understood they decided to withdraw their opposition to registering, as counsel have warned them they cannot fight the government order.

Robbed by the Cooley Gang.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., Sept. 27.—Jacob Prinkey, the old farmer and stock dealer who was buncoed out of about $4,000 a few months ago, was robbed by the Cooley gang last Saturday night of a sum of money and other valuable articles. Five of the gang rushed into the room where the family sat. Prinkey's son opened fire on the robbers and shot two, Frank Cooley, the leader of the band, being seriously injured. It is not known whether he was mortally wounded or not. He was carried away by the gang.

Escaped from a Convict Camp.

DALLAS, Tex., Sept. 27.—At a convict camp, six miles west of here, "Commodore" Miller and twelve other prisoners disarmed the guards and escaped, taking with them the guns of the guards. An alarm was given and a detachment of depty sheriffs and police started on the pursuit of the fugitives. Monday night 100 armed and mounted men were pursuing the convicts, but up to a late hour none of them had been recaptured.

Johns Hopkins Is Well Represented.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 27.—Twenty-five graduates and former students of Johns Hopkins university have accepted positions on the staff of the new university of Chicago, which is to open its doors for the first time on Saturday next. Sixteen of the Hopkins men are to be members of the faculty and the other nine are to engage in research work as fellows.

New Bank for Kansas.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 27.—The Galena National bank of Galena, Kan., capital $50,-000, has been authorized to begin business.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Important Happenings Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

A circular to prevent the entrance of infected vessels or steamships from infected ports entering smaller ports of the United States where quarantine restraints are insufficient has been issued.

Prince Anton Radziwill, one of the most popular noblemen in Germany, has become suddenly insane at Lodz, in Russian Poland, while en route to join the czar's hunting party at Spala. He appeared at a hotel window armed with a rifle and two revolvers, which he fired at the people in the court yard, wounding two servants.

Delegates have been selected in various Pennsylvania towns to attend the meeting of the reorganization committee of the Iron Hall, in Baltimore Saturday.

John Hamilton of Litchfield, Ills., fell from a ladder in Littleman's elevator and broke his neck.

A company to pipe Salt Lake City with natural gas has been formed in Anderson, Ind., with a capital stock of $750,000.

A. J. Owen, an engineer, dropped dead in the cab of his engine at West Superior, Wis.

Dr. C. Miller, president, and Mayor Pingree and Captain Grummond, members of the Detroit board of health, have returned from their tour of inspection of the Canadian quarantine stations, and report that their city is in no danger from cholera so far as Canada is concerned.

The visible supply of grain in the United States and Canada last week increased 2,651,000 bushels of wheat, 73,000 bushels of corn and 604,000 bushels of oats.

A dispatch from Leovo, a town of South Russia, on the Pruth, says that cholera has broken out in the military camp there. Owing to the movements of the troops the disease is spreading throughout Bessarabia, in which province Leovo is situated.

F. X. Schoonmaker, the New Jersey tariff orator, will deliver nine speeches in Illinois from Sept. 26 to Oct. 5 inclusive.

Judge George T. Werts, who was nominated by the Democrats of New Jersey for governor, has decided not to make the run.

* * *

It was officially admitted by the president of the United Kingdom chambers of commerce meeting that the volume of England's trade was declining, owing mainly to the tariff, and the prospects for improvement were dismal.

Cornelius Vanderbilt gave $10,000 to the cholera fund, and promised more, if needed; and he gave $10,000 to the Columbus day celebration fund, and promised to raise the $40,000 additional that is necessary.

Peter McGuagan was cut to pieces by a railroad train at Perth, Ind., while returning from a wake.

Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, Mrs. Augustus Hemenway, Mrs. Louise Agassiz and Mrs. O. W. Peabody are among the Boston ladies who recently signed a protest against docking horses' tails.

Chairman Taubeneck of the People's party national committee has been summoned to an Indianapolis conference, and before leaving St. Louis mysteriously hinted at a big political deal in progress which would soon be made public.

Latter Day Saint missionaries are at work in Odin, Ills.

Peter Ludden of Trail county, N. D., was cut to pieces by a harvester while at work in a field.

John Vanzant of Liberty, Ind., aged 84, hung himself because of the loss of a fortune by speculation.

Lou Smith of Frederick, Ill., has sued the city of Beardstown for $10,000 damages for injuries received.

Professor E. C. Pickering, director of Harvard college observatory, has issued a circular suggesting the erection of a large telescope on the Andes, near Arequipa, Peru.

Telegraphers on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern railroad threaten to go out on strike within a few days.

F. P. Sargent was re-elected grand master of the locomotive firemen by the Cincinnati convention.

* * *

The saloon license of the city of Sullivan, Ills., has been raised from $750 to $1,000 per annum by the city council.

New York Central's annual statement shows gross earnings of $45,479,625, increase, $7,76,510: net earnings, $14,339,511; increase, $1,806,249; surplus, $62,216.

Stella, the young daughter of C. Anderson of Tipton, Ind., fell from a tree, alighting on a paling fence and sustaining injuries which will result fatally.

Michigan has nearly eighty-seven thousand Methodists, with church property valued at over $3,750,000.

Mrs. S.O. Stillman and Mrs. Jesse Crooks of Galena, Ills., were thrown from a buggy by a runaway horse and fatally injured. The women were found in the road at the foot of Gaffney's hill, both unconscious.

Harrisburg, Pa., is the next meeting place of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

Alexander Stierheim was fatally shot while hunting near Charlestown, Ind., by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of a companion.

American factories produce 35,000 watches every week.

Governor Hogg of Texas has issued a proclamation quarantining against New York and other places where cholera prevails.

Mrs. Josephine Colendar and V. Spaninger, charged with the poisoning of Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Arsten, were dismissed in the Louisville city court for want of proof.

Dr. Herman Paasche, especially commissioned by the Emperor of Germany to make a study of the political and social condition of the United States, is at Chicago.

The first elevated road in Great Britain will be in Liverpool. The road is already in the course of construction.

Bertha Gray, daughter of Rev. J. W. Gray, was drowned in Tangier sound, Delaware, her boat being run down by the schooner Raymond.

The Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, under whose auspices the latest Polar expedition was undertaken, will give Lieutenant Peary and his wife, on their return, public reception.

Comparison of the results of th shine recorder at Greenwich, En fourteen years shows that throug year the average daily amount of is little more than three hours.

Small electric lamps are being tr the London police in place of the oned oil bull-eyes. The experime proved highly satisfactory.

* * *

The Iowa Woman Suffrage a is holding its twenty-first ann at Des Moines.

At Tiperary Father [illegible] has been committed for trial for intimidating Parnellite voters during the recent parliamentary election.

Salton lake, which so suddenly appeared a few months ago in the Colorado desert, has entirely disappeared, and its bed is now covered with luxuriant verdure.

Republican sentiment in Italy is increasing among the masses and the Vatican is encouraging the change, because it thinks its interests lie in that direction.

Charles Horn, one of the first residents of Champaign, Ills., committed suicide by drowning.

A friend of the late Gideon Wells, of Maine, who was known as the cattle king of that state, estimates that during his long life he paid the farmers for horses, cattle, sheep, hay and wool upwards of $50,000,000.

The Duke of Norfolk, premier peer of Great Britain, is about to make another pilgrimage to Lourdes in the hope of mitigating the condition of his son and heir, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, who is blind, deaf and dumb.

Labouchere, in his paper, protests against allowing Irish members to sit in the imperial parliament after getting one of their own.

Two men representing themselves to be agents of the Credit Mobilier recently arrived at San Sebastian, Spain, and opened an alleged branch of that institution. They obtained $20,000 deposits and then absconded.

George F. Richardson, People's party candidate for congress in the Fifth Michigan district, has been indorsed by the Democratic convention.

A railroad laborer, supposed to be Thomas Burns, was run over and killed by a train at Brule, S. D.

At the session of the sovereign grand lodge of Odd Fellows, in Portland, Or., it was decided to hold the next annual meeting in Milwaukee. A resolution to refuse saloonkeepers admission to the order was defeated.

Albert Luvat was parboiled by a jet of steam escaping from the boiler of the steamboat Lou Cummings, lying near Charlevoix. He was found under the forward hatch literally cooked, and when removed the flesh and bones fell to pieces.

Charles Hammer, a farmer living about fifteen miles west of Summit Lake, Wis., was shot by Hugo Plessner as a result of a quarrel over a division line between their land. Hammer is dead.

* * *

A piece of tapestry representing General John A. Logan rallying the Union troops at Atlanta, was hung in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington during the G. A. R. encampment. The scene is said to be vividly presented. A Washington lady, Miss E. Jane Stearns, made the tapestry.

In a hospital for cats in Philadelphia over 18,000 felines were painlessly put to death last year.

China has twenty times as much coal as all Europe.

Dr. Nansen, whose plan for seeking the north pole is to jab into the drifting ice in a stout vessel and resign himself to certain ocean currents, proposes to lay in a four years' supply of provisions when he finally embarks on this voyage.

Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., pastor of the Clarendon Street Baptist church in Boston, owns an extra house near his summer home in New Hampton, N. H., and has converted it into a vacation resort for poor children from the hub.

Nathaniel S. Berry, New Hampshire's war governor, celebrated his 97th birthday Sept. 8, and is in the enjoyment of excellent health.

Holland claims the distinction of first having made bombshells in the year 1650.

Horace G. Broadhurst of Bucks county, Pa., has been fined $50 for harvesting his peaches on the Lord's day.

A dog imprisoned in a schoolhouse near Shamokin, Pa., became hungry and devoured an $18 map.

Momolu Massaquai, a young African, who has spent four years as a student at the Central Tennessee college, Nashville, has been called home to succeed his father, King Balah, lately killed in war.

The thirty-two teeth in the mouth of John McDarby of Salmon Falls, Mass., are all double.

Only native or naturalized citizens are permitted to work on the streets of New Bedford, Mass.

Mr. Dawes' chair in the senate will probably be sought only by Lodge and Crapo. Speaker Barrett of the Massachusetts legislature, who has been considered a candidate, virtually withdraws by indorsing Mr. Crapo editorially in the Boston Record.

The sovereign grand lodge of Odd Fellows has affirmed the $2,000 benefit law.

The second annual meeting of the Bankers' association of Illinois will be at Springfield Nov. 15 and 16.

* * *

It is reported that two members of the Bismarck family have resigned their army posts because of the emperor's language toward the ex-chancellor.

Charles Peterson, section hand, was killed by the cars at St. Charles, Ills.

The bursting of an emery wheel at Dana, Ills., killed Walter Pane, who was sharpening a plow point.

George P. Anderson of Ludington, Mich., was killed by a stroke of lightning while standing in the doorway of his home during a storm.

Eyesight Saved

After Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Pneumonia and other prostrating diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled to thoroughly purify the blood and give needed strength. Read this:

"My boy had Scarlet [illegible] when 4 years old, [illegible] him very weak with blood poison [illegible] with cankers. [illegible] eyes became [illegible] med, his sufferings [illegible] ere intense, and for 7 [illegible] weeks he could not even [illegible] open his eyes. I took [illegible] him [illegible] dar Infirmary, but their [illegible] rem[illegible] good. I began giving him [illegible] Sarsaparilla [illegible] him. I know it saved his [illegible]ery life." ARMIE F. BLACK-[illegible]ington St., Boston, Mass.

[illegible]S are the best after-dinner Pills, [illegible]ure headache and biliousness.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for th[illegible] disease; by its use thousands of cases of the wor[illegible] kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer, who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. [illegible] Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 1, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Imagination."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"All Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Alabama."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Washington and Randolph—
[illegible]ws."

[illegible]'S THEAT[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

GRACEFUL RECOGNITION

Of Gen. Francis A. Walker's Eloquent and Manly Tribute to Irish-American Soldiers and Citizens.

Given a Grand Reception in Boston by Surviving Veterans of the 9th and 28th Massachusetts Regiments.

The Irish American veterans of the Ninth and Twenty-eighth Massachusetts regiments tendered a reception to Gen. Francis A. Walker on last Monday evening week at Tremont Temple, Boston, which was an honor alike to that gentleman, and to his fellow soldiers and citizens under whose auspices it was tendered. It was given in remembrance of the General's manly tribute to the Irish American soldier and citizen in his speech at the tercentenary of Trinity College, Dublin. Following is a synopsis of the *Pilot's* report of the reception:

The splendid showing of Irish veterans of noble military record was in itself a glorious and irrefutable testimony of the patriotism that is known by action rather than by speech.

Present in the audience in full uniform were seven companies of the present Ninth Massachusetts Regiment, under command of Lieut.-Col. Logan, and the uniform of the Montgomery Light Guard Veteran Association was also conspicuous on the floor and in the galleries.

Upon the stage around Gen. Walker were the executive committee, Capt. John M. Tobin, Col. P. T. Hanley, Col. D. G. McNamara, Mr. Patrick J. Flatley, Hon. John R. Murphy, Mr. P. O'Neil Larkin, Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the *Pilot*, Mr. P. J. Riley, Mr. William B Brine, Mr. Timothy O'Leary and Mr. Daniel P. Sullivan; and these other well known citizens: Mr. Patrick Donahoe, proprietor of the *Pilot*; Judge John W. Corcoran, Col. John Warren, formerly of the Irish Brigade; the Revs. R. Neagle, chancellor of the diocese; E. I. Devitt, S.J., president Boston College; J. Sheerin, St. Rose's church, Chelsea; J. J Dermody, Medford; Thomas Reid, S.J., Boston College; P. B. Murphy, Natick; John A. Daly, J. P. Fannon, Edward Fitzwilliam, William S. McGowan, Judge J. D. Fallon, Dr. Thomas J. Barrett, of Worcester; Harry McGlenen, Dr. John G. Blake, Eugene Davis, J. R. Armstrong, Curtis Guild, Joseph Smith, editor of the *Arena*, Lowell, and Mr. James Murphy, the architect of Providence, R. I.; James O'Neill, Dominick Toy and C. J. Carmody, South Boston.

Before the addresses a well chosen musical programme was beautifully rendered.

After the music P. J. Flatley, Esq., chairman of the evening, opened the speech-making with a brief but happy address.

The chairman then read letters of regret from Governor Russell, Brig.-Gen. Robert Nugent, of the Irish Brigade, New York; Maj. P. M. Haverty, of the sixty-fifth New York Volunteers; Gen. M. T. Donohue, Col. J. C. Linehan, of Concord, N. H., and A. Sauman.

Mr. Flatley then introduced, with an appropriate allusion to his distinguished military career, Col. D. G. McNamara, of the Montgomery Guards Veteran Association, who addressed Gen. Walker in substance as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Gen Francis A Walker, Ladies and Gentlemen—On behalf of the survivors of the Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Regiment, and all other Irish-American organizations of the late war, whose representatives are here present, and on behalf of this large audience, it gives me great pleasure, Gen. Walker, to extend to you a hearty welcome on this joyous occasion, and to thank you, sir, for your generous praise of the Irish American soldiers of the late war, and for your impartial words regarding all the patriotic sons of Ireland who are dwellers on the soil of the United States, while on your recent visit to Trinity College, Dublin.

It is, no doubt, felt by a great many persons who have only a superficial knowledge of Irish political history, or who are biased in the understanding of it, that a grand reception to you, sir, on your return home, in recognition of your impartial speech, at Trinity College on Irish American valor, is somewhat overdoing matters; that because you spoke commendatory of the actions of the Irish and the Irish-American soldiers of the United States in the late war, to an audience on the other side of the water, is nothing more than one who held your exalted position in the late Army of the Potomac would be expected to do under like circumstances, and in treating o a similar subject.

But, sir, those who know the history of Trinity College and its founders, and of the powerful government that there is behind it, know full well that no ordinary man from the United States could address an audience of the faculty and members of Trinity College on Irish American heroism in our late war, or extol, in the able and impartial manner that you did, the deeds of Irishmen who from their birth were antagonistic to the rule of the government under whose auspices Trinity College is directed and nurtured, without, in our judgment, being reprimanded for introducing a subject distasteful to the spirit of the occasion of their tercentenary celebration.

But, sir, it appears, to our great astonishment, that the contrary was the fact; that your eloquent words were listened to with the greatest attention, and that applause, most pronounced in its utterance, greeted your patriotic American eulogy of the Irish-American soldier. You, sir, as an American citizen and an American soldier, stood on the floor of an Irish educational institution that has for its foster father a government that has for many centuries trampled on the civil and religious liberty, and personal and political rights of the great majority of the people who inhabit that land, and you related scenes in our late war of which you were the eye witness. You told how the Irish-American soldiers fought for the Union, and laid down their lives for the Stars and Stripes and the Green Flag of Ireland, at Gaines' Mill, at Malvern Hill, at Antietam, at Gettysburg, and on other battlefields in which you were actively engaged.

It is needless for me, perhaps, to tell you, sir, that your words of praise brought feelings of astonishment and joy to the hearts of the surviving Irish American soldiers throughout our great country, and likewise to generations of Irish decent, who know of the heroism and patriotic Irish-American valor of their race. It brought astonishment to us on account of the time and place of its delivery.

It brought joy to our hearts because a successful and unexpected eulogy was delivered on the Irish-American soldier, on Irish soil, before Trinity College, by a distinguished American soldier, who was himself an eye-witness and a participant in these battles for the Union; and because it was a speech unprecedented inside the walls of that time honored college; and, furthermore, it was deemed impossible that it could be fully uttered by you, sir, without a decided protest from the faculty of that renowned institution of learning. Therefore, I say, sir, your words brought astonishment and joy to the hearts of all Irish-Americans, and, more particularly, to the soldiers of that race, who now survive, throughout this broad land.

In this connection I wish to remark that in using the term Irish and Irish American that it is used simply as a distinguishing racial expression, for the Irishman, next to taking pride in his Irish birth, is supremely proud of his adopted country and his American citizenship; and his son, of American birth, while priding himself on his legitimate Irish ancestry, always glories in being an American.

They take no second place with any race standing on the free soil of the United States in their devotion and allegiance to the American flag and the Constitution and the Union; and they challenge criticism when they declare that in the building up of this great Republic, either as soldiers or artisans, they stand among the foremost.

The following extract is so *apropos* to this occasion that I will take the liberty to read it. It is from a speech made in Scotland recently by the Hon. William E. Gladstone: "Recollect this, gentlemen, that though the Irish are poor and reduced, though the Irish have, like every other people, their vices and their faults, yet a braver race never trod God's earth. The men who have fought in the ranks of our armies, the men whom we, to our shame, have forced to fight and to fight with an unbounded distinction in the ranks of other and foreign armies, sometimes of our enemies; those men who have gone through an unbroken oppression of at least five hundred years and who have survived it; those men who in the time of Charles I. and Cromwell defied the hosts of parliament and government, and only after a struggle of eleven years could be bound and reduced to subjection; and those men whom Cromwell himself, great as he was in war, found it harder to subdue than even your Scottish forefathers—to suppose that those men were to be brought to peace and order by the use of the petty and paltry means of tyranny, which the present government has put in motion, is a supposition too ridiculous to propose to any outside of a lunatic asylum."

General Francis A. Walker, again I bid you welcome, and in extending to you, on behalf of the Irish American soldiers of our great Republic, the right hand of comradeship, I feel and know that in your large heart the Irish-American soldiers have a true friend and a strong and impartial advocate.

Gen. Walker was next introduced by Mr. Flatley, and was received with the heartiest applause. The General spoke as follows:

When this reception was tendered me by the veterans of the Ninth and Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Regiments, I confess I did not feel myself entitled to the honor, either generally or by virtue of the particular act to which you, sir, have so kindly and gracefully referred. That act was, in itself, a thing perfectly simple and natural, requiring no acknowledgment, deserving no thanks; nor was there anything in the circumstances under which it was performed which made it, to my mind, in any degree noteworthy or extraordinary.

It was my privilege, during the second week of July, in company with not a few scholars and university men of America and a great number of the most eminent men of science, literature and the arts in Europe, to attend the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of Trinity College, Dublin; an institution long renowned for the depth, the richness and the exquisite quality of the culture it has imparted. It is the college with which we instinctively associate the names of George Berkely, Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke. It is, perhaps, the college of all in the wide world of letters, where the traditional studies of the university have most truly become "the humanities," tender, ripe and full of the choicest flavors. There poetry, eloquence and wit have flourished not less than mathematics, philology and metaphysics. Divine humor, soul-stirring mirth, and even glorious fun, yea, 'Laughter holding both his sides," have been freely admitted among the greatest gods of Trinity's Pantheon, in equal honor with Pallas, Athene and cloud-compelling Zeus.

It was, indeed, a great privilege for a man from a new country, where there is so little of ceremony, stately dress and official etiquette as are found among us, to witness the magnificent pageantry with which the scholars of the whole world celebrated the tercentenary of this renowned college, bringing some in leathern cases, some in velvet rolls, some in gilded caskets, vellum-engrossed addresses tendering congratulations upon the past and good wishes for the future. Nearly every land where the lamp of knowledge has been lighted was represented in this brilliant concourse: Canada, Australia, New Zealand and India, not less than France, Germany, Holland and Italy. Nothing more impressive and inspiring could be conceived than that array of the priests and devotees of learning, as doctors of the Sorbonne and members of the Institute of France, delegates from Utrecht and Leyden, rectors and professors from Heidelberg and Berlin, from Bologna and Pavia, and representatives of academies and learned societies in every quarter of the earth, crowded the platform, bringing greeting to Trinity College and Dublin University.

For my own humble part, called upon unexpectedly—unexpectedly, because the invitation duly despatched to me at my home in Boston, reached me in Europe, only after the event—to address the students of the college on the last day of the celebration, at a so called Function somewhat less formal and somewhat more familiar than those which had preceded. No theme suggested itself to me as more likely to interest a body of generous youth than the achievements of millions of their countrymen in a new and distant land where circumstances at once made peculiar demands upon them for the display of courage, energy and enterprise, and afforded especially rich rewards to the exercise of all the social and industrial virtues. "Upon this hint I spake," trustingly confidently, and as the event proved with reason, in the patriotic enthusiasm of my audience to bear out my lame and halting words. My theme was twofold; the exploits of Irish-Americans in war and in peace. On the first head my only exceptional qualification for speaking lay in the accidental fact that for two and a half years of almost continuous battle it had been my privilege to serve as adjutant-general of that corps—the second among the armies of the United States—which comprised both of the two exclusively Irish brigades raised for the defence of the Union, and which had for its official cognizance the three leaved clover, the Irish shamrock. Having more than once personally given the order which launched the brigades of Meagher and Corcoran into battle, having had occasion to observe their conduct in many a desperate fight, and having myself made up the roll of their killed and wounded in nearly every action in which they were engaged, I had been a poor sort of soldier and a poorer sort of man, had I been able to speak of their daring and their endurance without fervent feeling and in terms of less than enthusiastic praise. Believing that the youth of Dublin University knew far more of the history of Irish valor as displayed in the Crimea, on the plains of India, and in a hundred battles under the British flag than as manifested in the greatest of all modern wars—that for the suppression of the slaveholders rebellion—it was, you may well believe, a pleasure and a high privilege to tell them the story of the great charge of the Sixty-third, Sixty ninth and Eighty-eighth New York, the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts, and the 116th Pennsylvania, up against the Stonewall at Fredericksburg, held by four ranks of veteran riflemen, across a plain swept from end to end by direct and enfilading fires.

Turning, then, from the deeds of war to the acts of peace, I venture to say that Irishmen had done even more, relatively, in building up the fabric of our material civilization than in upholding the Union of the States. Familiar as we here all are with the wonderful story of the march of population across the continent, it is not needful for me to repeat the few rude words in which it was sought to describe the mighty movement by which a frontier of 1,500 to 2,000 miles had been pushed westward at the rate of three, five and even ten miles every twelve months, until in its grandest sweep it embraced in single years new territory more extensive than Switzerland, with all its barren mountains; in the short period of ten years, annexing, occupying and rudely cultivating, covering with its first roads and bridges, its first houses, fences and barns, its first churches and schools, new territory more extensive than Sweden, almost as large as the great historic kingdom of Spain, that once was mistress of the world by land and by sea; while, all this time, population was deepening within its more familiar seats, cities and towns were springing up along the coast and on the banks of a hundred rivers; great public works were everywhere in progress, and the substantial structures of commerce, manufacture and luxurious residence were rising with a rapidity never equalled in human history. In this mighty work, I said, and I said truly, the muscular power of Irishmen has scarcely availed more than have their energy, enthusiasm and endurance, under the spur of social and industrial ambitions freshly kindled in this new land of equal rights and educated labor.

Such was the substance of the address delivered to the students of Trinity. It did not for an instant occur to me that my words would make their way across the Atlantic, even in that "silly season" when newspaper men are most hard up for matter with which to fill their columns; much less that they would find an echo widely here. Since they have done so and have given pleasure to some of my comrades of the Ninth and Twenty eighth Massachusetts regiments, I am deeply rejoiced that I uttered them. It will never cease to be a source of gratification that the opportunity was granted to me to say what was after all no more than the simple honest truth regarding Irishmen in America.

Our readers can imagine for themselves how this address was punctuated with applause, and the enthusiastic cheers which followed it.

The exercises at Tremont Temple were followed by a banquet at the Tremont House, tendered to General Walker by the gentlemen most prominent in arranging the demonstration.

James Jeffrey Roche presided, and about 100 guests sat down, including delegations from the Montgomery Guards and the Ninth militia. Mr. Roche introduced Mr. P. J. Flatley, who, in an admirable speech in behalf of the Irish American soldiers and citizens of Boston, presented General Walker with a gold badge of the Second Army Corps.

Speeches were also made by Mr. Harry McGlenen, Judge Corcoran, Mr. Joseph Smith, of Lowell, James O'Neill, the actor, and Mr. Curtis Guild. Mr. Patrick Donahoe, called upon by the chairman as an Irishman of one immortal song, sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" with much spirit, to every one's delight.

The badge presented to Gen. Walker is a solid gold shamrock, the emblem of the Second Army Corps. In the centre of the badge is a smaller trefoil in red, white and blue enamel, showing the wearer's rank as a general officer.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p.m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued).

The class which suffered most from the potato blight consisted of those small farmers who were barely able, in ordinary years, to keep themselves above starvation after paying their rents. These people, by the Labor Rate Act, had an additional tax laid on them, and not being able to pay it, could but quit their holdings, sink to the class of able-bodied paupers, and enrol themselves in a gang of government navvys,—thus throwing themselves for support upon those who still strove to maintain themselves by their own labor on their own land.

In addition to the proceeds of the new Poor Rate, parliament appropriated a further sum of £50 000 to be applied in giving work in some absolutely pauper districts, where there was no hope of ever raising rates to repay it. £50 000 was just the sum which was that same year voted out of the English and Irish revenue, to improve the buildings of the British Museum.

So there was to be more poor law, more commissioners (this time under the title of Additional Public Works Commissioners), innumerable officials in the public works, commissariat, and constabulary departments, and no end of stationery and red tape—all to be paid out of the rates. On the whole, it was hoped that provision was made for stopping the "Irish howl" this one season.

You have already been told that Irishmen of all classes had almost universally condemned the Poor Law at first; so, as they did not like poor law, they were to have more poor law. Society in Ireland was to be reconstructed on the basis of Poor Rates, and a broad foundation of able-bodied pauperism. It did not occur to the English—and it never will occur to them—that the way to stop Irish destitution is to Repeal the Union, so that Irishmen might make their own laws, use their own resources, regulate their own industry. It was in vain, however, that anybody in Ireland remonstrated. In vain that such journals as were of the popular party condemned the whole scheme. The *Nation* of that date treats it thus:

"Unproductive work to be executed with borrowed money—a ten years' mortgage of a new tax, to pay for cutting down hills and filling them up again—a direct impost upon land proprietors in the most offensive form, to feed all the rest of the population, impoverishing the rich without benefiting the poor—not creating, not developing, but merely transferring, and in the transfer wasting the means of all; perhaps human ingenuity, sharpened by intensest malignity, could contrive no more deadly and unerring method of arraying class against class in diabolical hatred, making them look on one another with wolfish eyes as if to prepare the way for *'aristocrates a la lanterne!'*—killing individual enterprise,—discouraging private improvement, dragging down employers and employed, proprietors, farmers, mechanics and cottiers, to one common irretrievable ruin."

Whether this view was justified by the result, will be seen hereafter.

It may seem astonishing that the gentry of Ireland did not rouse themselves at this frightful prospect, and universally demand the Repeal of the Union. They were the same class, sons of the same men, who had, in 1782, wrested the independence of Ireland from an English government, and enjoyed the fruits of that independence in honor, wealth and prosperity, for eighteen years. Why not now? It is because, in 1782, the Catholics of Ireland counted as nothing, now they are numerous, enfranchised, exasperated, and the Irish landlords dare not trust themselves in Ireland without British support. They looked on tamely, therefore, and saw this deliberate scheme for the pauperization of a nation. They knew it would injure themselves, but they took the injury, took insult along with it, and submitted to be reproached for begging alms, when they demanded restitution of a part of their own means.

Over the whole island, for the next few month, was a scene of confused and waste ful attempts at relief; bewildered baronysessions striving to understand the voluminous directions, schedules and specifications under which alone they could vote their own money to relieve the poor at their own doors, but generally making mistakes,—for the unassisted human faculties never could comprehend those ten thousand books and fourteen tons of paper; insolent commissioners and inspectors, and clerks snubbing them at every turn, and ordering them to study the documents; efforts on the part of the proprietors to expend some of the rates at least on useful works, reclaiming land, or the like, which efforts were always met with flat refusal and a lecture on political economy (for political economy, it seems, declared that the works must be strictly useless,—as cutting down a road where there was no hill, or building a bridge where there was no water,—until many good roads became impassable on account of pits and trenches); plenty of jobbing and peculation all this while; and the laborers, having the example of a great public fraud before their eyes, themselves defrauding their fraudulent employers,—quitting agricultural pursuits and crowding to the public works, where they pretended to be cutting down hills and filling up hollows, and with tongue in cheek received half wages for doing nothing. So the labor was wasted, the laborers were demoralized, and the next year's famine was ensured.

Now began to be a rage for extermination beyond any former time, and many thousands of the peasants, who could still scrape up the means, fled to the sea, as if pursued by wild beasts, and betook themselves to America. The British army also received numberless recruits this year (for it is sound English policy to keep our people so low that a shilling a day would tempt them to fight for the devil, not to say the queen); and insane mothers began to eat their young children, who died of famine before them. And still fleets of ships were sailing with every tide, carrying Irish cattle and corn to England. There was also a large importation of grain from England into Ireland, and the speculators and ship-owners had a good time. Much of the grain thus brought to Ireland had been previously exported from Ireland, and came back—laden with merchants' profits and double freights and insurance—to the helpless people who had sowed and reaped it. This is what commerce and free trade did for Ireland in those days.

Two facts, however, are essential to be borne in mind—first, that the net result of all this importation, exportation an reimportation (though many a ship-load was carried four times across the Irish sea, as prices 'invited" it), was, that England finally received our harvests to the same amount as before; and second, that she gave Ireland—under free trade in corn—less for it than ever. In other words, it took more of the Irish produce to buy a piece of cloth from a Leeds manufacturer, or to buy a rent receipt from an absentee proprietor. They could do without much of the cloth; but as for the rent receipts, these they must absolutely buy, for the bailiff, with his police, was usually at the door, even before the fields were reaped; and he, and the Poor Rate Collector, and the additional Poor Rate Collector, and the County Cess Collector, and the Process-server, with decrees, were all to be paid out of the first proceeds. If it took the farmer's whole crop to pay them, which it usually did, he had, at least, a pocketful of receipts, and might see lying in the next harbor the very ship that was to carry his entire harvest and his last cow to England.

What wonder that so many farmers gave up the effort in despair, and sunk to paupers? Many Celts were cleared off this year, and the campaign, so far, successful.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

FOR THE CITIZEN.

THE GRAND ARMY VETERANS.

BY EUGENE DAVIS

Honor them? Yes, for they once shed their blood,
And risked their lives that this great land might live!
Yield thanks to them whose good swords flashed to give
Back to the States one sovereign nationhood!
Around their brows wreathe laurels ever green—
Such bays as theirs were nobly, proudly won—
For, oh, their God-blessed missioned work had been
To blend the Union's glorious stars in one!

Crown, too, the graves where, worshipping, we tread
On hearts that shuddered not, but paid the price
Of crimson death at duty's trumpet call;
Our greetings to the living and the dead
In that they wrought from deeds of sacrifice
One flag, one land, one brotherhood for all!

A. O. H.

Division No. 6 will hold their usual monthly meeting tomorrow (Sunday) at 3 p. m., in Gahan's Hall. Some very important postponed business will be brought forward, and arrangements made for the parade to take place in connection with the quadri-centenary celebration of Columbus' discovery of America. A large attendance of members is expected.

Will You Go East This Fall?

If so it will be to your interest to fully acquaint yourself with the excellent train service now in effect between Chicago, Buffalo, New York, Boston and intermediate points, via the "Lake Shore Route." Through trains leave Chicago at 8:00 and 10:30 a. m., 3:10, 5:30, 7:45 and 11:30 p. m. The "Chicago and Boston Special" (10:30 a. m.) is the only complete train from Chicago through to New England. It has dining-car serving meals the entire distance, in itself an excellent feature, and the equipment of the train throughout is of the very highest standard. The Chicago and New York Limited (5:30 p. m.) embodies all that is modern and novel in railway transport and has very appropriately been called "a perfect train." F. M. BYRON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 66 Clark st; C. K. WILBER, W. P. A., Chicago.

Elegant Service.

At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 205 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:35 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

T. Shea, Tailor,
126 West Madison-st

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

THE MARTYR'S WIDOW.

Appeal Issued by a Committee of the A. O. H. to Enlist the Aid of the Patriotic in Behalf of Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

FELLOW CITIZENS: On May 11, 1883, Daniel Curley was executed in Dublin for alleged complicity in the Phœnix Park tragedy.

It was on the eve of the ninth anniversary of his execution that a refined and delicate lady called at a pastoral residence in Chicago to have a mass offered up for the deceased patriot the following morning. An accidental question revealed to the priest that his visitor was the wife of the unfortunate Daniel Curley and that she and her two bright and innocent boys were homeless in Chicago—that she was struggling against great odds to provide the necessaries of life for herself and her children. The good priest was astonished at the negligence of the Irish people in failing to make suitable provision for this family, which the patriotism and honor of the husband and father had left without a protector. He consulted some friends about the possibility of providing Mrs. Curley and her family with a comfortable home. One of the oldest and most respected priests in Chicago suggested that the matter be laid before the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The suggestion was acted on, with the result that this body, so well known for their patriotism, unanimously resolved to take charge of the matter, and accordingly an executive committee was appointed, consisting of the presidents of the different divisions under its jurisdiction, to devise ways and means of raising funds to carry out this deserving and laudable work.

At a full meeting of this executive committee the undersigned were instructed to issue this appeal to enlist the sympathy and the co-operation not only of the Hibernians of Cook County, but of the whole Irish race.

When Daniel Curley was condemned on the testimony of the informer Carey, he was offered a large amount of British gold and his liberty provided he gave evidence to implicate others. The last two hours of his life were given him to consider the proposition, but he spurned the offer and accepted death on the scaffold rather than leave a dishonored name to his country and wife and children.

When Daniel Curley voluntarily accepted death for a principle—a principle, as he believed, of Irish nationality—his family became the wards of the Irish race, and it can be attributed only to lack of organized effort that so far our race has not done its duty in this case.

In the name, then, of that justice due Mrs. Curley and her children, in the name of the long list of patriots who have sacrificed life and liberty for the principles of Irish nationality, we appeal to the Irish race in Chicago and elsewhere to come forward in their generosity and help this noble undertaking.

All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged by the treasurer of the fund, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill., and will be published in THE CITIZEN.

LAWRENCE HENELY,
P. E. FLANNIGAN,
P. O'SULLIVAN,
P. DEVER,
} Com.

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	$256 50
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The October *Arena* contains another paper of the popular series now appearing in its pages on American actors. This issue deals with Edward Hugh Sothern. It is superbly illustrated and written in a charming style by Miss Mildred Aldrich, the editor of the "Mahogany Tree" of Boston. Another instalment of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy in this number will prove of general interest. Among the papers treating serious moral, political and reformative problems are the following, all of which are from the pens of eminent thinkers; Has Islam a Future? The Negro Question in the South; Should the House of Representatives be Limited to Its Present Number? Social and Economic Influences of the Bicycle, The Church and the World, Astrology Fin de Siecle, a Plea for the Prohibition Party, and the True Character of Christophe Columbus, a scathing arraignment of the great discoverer, in which the author assails the idealistic conception of Columbus. The last half of the Symposium on Women's Dress, prepared under the auspices of the National Council of Women, appears in this number. Among the contributors are Lady Harberton, of London, Octavia W. Bates and Grace Greenwood. The editor contributes an illustrated paper in favor of improvement in woman's dress. The *Arena* is a worthy battle ground for the most advanced and progressive thinkers, and in its pages appear the best thought of many of the ablest minds of the age.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

The Gaelic Class meets in City Clerk Van Cleave's office, City Hall, from 2 to 5 p. m., Sundays.

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NICETTE.

"You are a dead man!" said the doctor, looking intently at Anatole.

Anatole staggered.

He had come gayly to pass the evening with his old friend, Dr. Bardais, the illustrious savant whose works on venomous substances are known all over the world, whose nobility of heart and almost paternal goodness Anatole had learned to know better than any other living soul; and now, without the least hesitation or preparation, he heard this terrible prognostication issue from those authoritative lips!

"Unhappy child, what have you done?" continued the doctor.

"Nothing that I know of," stammered Anatole, greatly agitated.

"Tax your memory; tell me what you have eaten or drunk—what you have inhaled."

The last word was a ray of light to Anatole. That very morning he had received a letter from one of his friends who was traveling in India. In the letter was a flower plucked on a bank of the Ganges by the traveler—a strangely formed red flower, the perfume of which—he now recalled the fact vividly—had appeared to him to be singularly penetrative. He hastily drew forth his pocketbook and produced the letter and its contents and handed them to the savant.

"No doubt is possible!" cried the doctor; "it is the Pyramenensis indica—the deadly flower, the flower of blood!"

"Then—you—really—think"——

"Alas! I am sure of it."

"But—it is impossible! I am only five and twenty years of age and feel full of life and health!"

"At what hour did you open that fatal letter?"

"This morning at 9 o'clock."

"Well—tomorrow morning, at the same hour, at the same minute, in full health, as you say, you will feel a pain in your heart—and all will be over."

"And you know of no remedy—no means of"——

"None!" said the doctor.

And covering his face with his hands he sank into a chair overcome by grief.

In face of the profound emotion of his old friend, Anatole understood that he was really condemned.

He hurried from the doctor's house like a madman. His forehead bathed in perspiration, his ideas all confused, going he knew not whither, he sped on and on amid the darkness of the night, taking no heed of the loneliness of the streets he was traversing. For a long time he pursued this blind course, until at length, finding a bench, he sank down upon it.

How many hours had he still to live?

The persistent and distressing sound of a racking cough brought him back to consciousness; he looked in the direction whence it came and saw, seated upon the same bench, a pale and weak little flower girl—a child not more than eight years old, who, as Francois Coppee says—

Dies of the winter while offering us the spring.

That verse of the poet's occurred to the mind of Anatole; he felt in his waistcoat pocket and found there two sous and two louis. He was going to give the poor child the two sous, but recollecting that he had only a few hours longer to live he gave her the two louis.

This incident did him good.

He had been like a man stunned by a blow on the head; his bewilderment was overcome now and he began to reassemble his dislocated ideas.

"My situation," he said to himself, "is that of a man condemned to death. A man in that position may still, however, hope for pardon—many of that sort are ordoned in our days. In past times ven some have been saved from the ax r the cord to devote themselves to some ifficult or dangerous piece of work—the unching of a ship, for example, or as a the time of Louis XI to marry an old oman. If I were consulted in the matter I should prefer to launch a ship. Unfortunately I shall not be consulted during the short interval of time that remains to me. But, by the way, how long have I got to live?"

He looked at his watch.

"Three o'clock in the morning—it is time to go to bed. To bed—waste in sleep my last six hours! Not if I know it. I have certainly something better than that to do. But what? Of course—to make my will."

A restaurant—one of those which keep open all night—was not far off. Anatole entered it.

"Garcon, a bottle of champagne—and ink and paper."

He drank a glass of Clicquot and looked thoughtfully at the sheet of paper before him.

"To whom shall I bequeath my 6,000 francs a year? I have neither father nor mother—happily for them! Among the persons who interest me, I see only one—Nicette."

Nicette was a charming girl of eighteen, with blond tresses and large black eyes; an orphan like himself—a community in misfortune which had long established between them a secret and complete sympathy.

His last will and testament was speedily drawn up; universal legatee, Nicette.

That done he drank a second glass of champagne.

"Poor Nicette!" he mused; "she was very sad when I last saw her. Her guardian, who knows nothing of the world outside his class of wind instruments at the Conservatoire de Musique, had taken upon himself to promise her hand to a brute of an amateur of fencing whom she detests—the more so because she has given her heart to somebody else. Who is that happy mortal? I haven't the least idea, but he is certainly worthy of her, or she would never have chosen him. Good, gentle, beautiful, loving Nicette deserves the ideal of husbands. Ah! she is the very wife that would have suited me if—if——

"By Jove, it's an infamy to compel her to destroy her life—by confiding such a treasure to such a brute! I have never before so well understood the generous ardor which fired the breasts of the wandering knights and spurred them on to the deliverance of oppressed beauty! And now I come to think of it, what hinders me from becoming the knight errant of Nicette? My fate is settled—at 9 o'clock—after that it will be too late; now therefore is the time for action. The hour is a little unusual for visiting people, but when I reflect that five hours hence I shall be no more I conclude that I have no time for standing on etiquette. Forward—my life for Nicette!"

Anatole rose, and then perceiving that he had no money he gave his gold watch to the waiter in payment for the champagne—a watch worth 500 francs.

The garcon took the chronometer and examined it closely—weighed it in his hand, opened it and finally put it in his pocket doubtfully and without thanking Anatole.

It was 4 o'clock in the morning when he rang at the door of M. Bouvard, the guardian of M. Nicette. He rang once, twice, and at the third tug broke the bell wire. At length M. Bouvard himself, in his nightdress and in great alarm, came and opened the door.

"What is the matter—is the house on fire?"

"No, my dear M. Bouvard," said Anatole. "I have only paid you a little visit."

"At this hour!"

"It is pleasant to see you at any hour, my dear M. Bouvard! But you are so lightly dressed—pray get into bed again."

"I am going to do so. But I suppose, monsieur, that it was not simply to trouble me in this way that you have come at such an hour? You have something of importance to say to me?"

"Very important, M. Bouvard! It is to tell you that you must renounce the idea of marrying my cousin Nicette to M. Capdenac."

"What do you say?"

"You must renounce that project."

"Never, monsieur! never!"

"Don't fly in the face of Providence by using such language!"

"My resolution is fixed, monsieur; this marriage will take place."

"It will not, monsieur!"

"We will see about that. And now that you have had my answer, monsieur, I'll not detain you."

"A speech none too polite, M. Bouvard; but, as I am as good natured as I am tenacious, I will pass over it, and—remain."

"Stay, if it pleases you to do so, but I shall consider you gone and hold no further conversation with you."

Saying which M. Bouvard turned his face to the wall, grumbling to himself—

"Was ever such a thing seen? rousing a man at such an hour, breaking his sleep, only to pour into his ears such a pack of nonsense!"——

Suddenly M. Bouvard sprang into a sitting posture in his bed.

Anatole had possessed himself of the professor's trombone, into which he was blowing like a deaf man and sending from the tortured instrument sounds of indescribable detestableness.

"My presentation trombone, given me by my pupils! Let that instrument alone, monsieur!"

"Monsieur, you consider me gone. I shall consider you absent, and shall amuse myself until you return. Couac! c...! fromn! brout! Eh? That was a f...ote!"

"You will get me turned out of the house; my landlord will not allow a trombone to be played here after midnight."

"A man who evidently hath not music in his soul! Frrout! frrout, prrr!"

"You will split my ears! You'll spoil my instrument—a trombone badly played on is a trombone destroyed, monsieur!"

"Couac! prounn, pra—pra—prrr"——

"For mercy's sake, give over!"

"Will you consent?"

"To what?"

"To renounce the idea of that marriage!"

"Monsieur, I cannot!"

"Then—corne"——

"M. Capdenac"——

"Prrrroum"——

"Is a terrible man to deal with!"

"Frrroutt"——

"If I were to offer him such an affront he would kill me."

"Is that the only reason which stops you?"

"That—and several others."

"In that case leave the matter to me only swear to me that if I obtain M. Capdenac's renunciation my cousin shall be free to choose a husband for herself."

"Really, monsieur, you abuse"——

"Caouac, frrroutt, ffuit, brrrout"——

"Monsieur, monsieur—she shall be free."

"Bravo! I have your word. Will you now allow me to retire? By the way, where does your Capdenac live?"

"One hundred Rue des Deux-Epees."

"I fly thither! Until we meet again!"

"You are going to throw yourself into the lion's mouth, and he will teach you a lesson you deserve," said M. Bouvard as Anatole hurried from the bedchamber and shut the door after him.

Without a moment's hesitation Anatole betook himself to the address of the fire eating fencer; it was just 6 o'clock when he arrived there. He rang the doorbell.

"Who is there?" demanded a rough voice behind the door.

"Open—very important communication, M. Bouvard."

The sounds of a night chain and the turning of a key in a heavy lock were heard.

"Here is a man who does not forget to protect himself against unwelcome visitors!" remarked Anatole to himself.

The door opened at length. Anatole found himself in the presence of a gentleman with a mustache fiercely upturned, whose nightdress appeared to be the complete costume of the fencing school.

"You see, always ready; it's my motto."

The walls of the swordsman's antechamber were completely covered with panoplies of arms of all descriptions; yatagans, poisoned arrows, sabers, rapiers, one and two handed swords, pistols—a regular arsenal—enough to terrify any timid minded observer.

"Bah!" thought Anatole, "what do I now risk? At most two hours and a half!"

"Monsieur," said Capdenac, "may I be allowed to know"——

"Monsieur," replied Anatole, "you want to marry Nicette?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Monsieur, you will not marry her!"

"Ah, thunder—blood! Who will prevent me?"

"I shall, monsieur!"

Capdenac stared at Anatole, who was not very big, but appeared to be very decided.

"Ah! Young man, you are very lucky to have found me in one of my placable moments. Take advantage of it—save yourself while you have time; otherwise I will not answer for your days?"

"Nor I for yours."

"A challenge—to me—Capdenac? Do you know that I have been a master of the art of fencing for ten years?"

"There's nothing of-fencive about me, monsieur!"

"I have fought twenty duels, and had the misfortune to kill five of my adversaries, besides wounding the fifteen others! Come, I have taken pity on your youth; once more, go away!"

"I see by your preparations that you are an adversary worthy of me and my long growing desire to confront a man so redoubtable. Let's see; what shall we fight with? Those two double handed swords standing by the fireplace? Or those two boarding axes? With cavalry sabers, or would you prefer a pair of curved yatagans? You hesitate. Can't you make up your mind?"

"I am thinking of your mother and her coming distress."

"I haven't a mother to be distressed. Would you rather fight with a carbine, pistol or revolver?"

"Young man, don't play with firearms."

"Are you afraid? You are trembling."

"Trembling! I? It's with cold."

"Then fight or at once renounce the hand of Nicette."

"Renounce the hand of Mlle. Nicette! By Jove, I admire your bravery! And brave men are made to understand one another. Shall I make a confession to you?"

"Speak!"

"For some time past I have myself had thoughts of breaking off this marriage, but I did not know how to do it. I consent therefore with pleasure to do what you wish, but at the same time you must see that I cannot appear to give way to threats, and you have threatened me."

"I retract them."

"In that case all is understood."

"You will give me in writing your renunciation?"

"Young man, you have so completely won my sympathy that I can refuse you nothing."

Furnished with the precious document, Anatole flew back to the dwelling place of M. Bouvard. He had a considerable distance to walk, and by the time he reached the professor's door it was nearly 8 o'clock in the morning.

"Who is there?"

"Anatole."

"Go home and go to bed!" cried the professor, savagely.

"I have got Capdenac's renunciation of Nicette's hand! Open the door or I will break it down."

M. Bouvard admitted him, and Anatole placed in his hand the momentous paper. That done, he rushed to the door of Nicette's room and cried:

"Cousin, get up—dress yourself quickly and come here."

"It appears, monsieur, that I am no longer master in my own home!" exclaimed M. Bouvard; "you come and go and order as you please! To make you understand that I will have nothing more to say to you, I—I will go back to my morning newspaper, in the reading of which you have interrupted me!"

A few minutes later Nicette, looking fresh as dawn, arrived in the drawing room.

"What is the matter?"

"The matter," said M. Bouvard, "is that your cousin is mad!"

"Mad? So be it!" replied Anatole. "Last night, my dear little cousin, I obtained two things—the renunciation of your hand by M. Capdenac, and the promise of your worthy guardian to bestow it on the man of your choice—the man you love."

"Do you really wish me to marry Anatole, guardian?"

"Eh?" cried Anatole, his breath nearly taken away.

"Since I love you, cousin!"

At that moment Anatole felt his heart beat violently. Was it at pleasure from the unexpected avowal made by Nicette, or was it the agony, the death symptom predicted by the doctor?

"Unfortunate that I am!" he cried. "She loves me—I am within reach of happiness, and am to die without attaining it?"

Then, taking the hands of Nicette feverishly within his own, he told her all about the letter, the venomous flower he had scented, the prognostication of his old friend, the will he had written and the steps he had successfully taken to release her from the claim of Capdenac.

"And now," he said in conclusion, "I have only to go home and die!"

"But this is impossible," cried Nicette. "This doctor must have mistaken; who is he?"

"A man who is never in error, Nicette—Dr. Bardais."

"Bardais! Bardais!" cried Bouvard, bursting into laughter. "Listen to what my newspaper here says: 'The learned Dr. Bardais has been suddenly seized with mental alienation. The madness with which he has been stricken is of a scientific character. It is well known that he was absorbingly engaged in an inquiry into the nature of venomous substances, and latterly he had fallen into the delusion that everybody he met was under the influence of poison, and endeavored to persuade them that such was their condition. He was last night transported to the Maison de Sante of Dr. Blank.'"

"Nicette!"

"Anatole!"

The two young persons fell into each other's arms.—Strand Magazine.

THE LITTLE LIFE.

O lost delight! How chill and gray
The breath and bloom of summer day.
In robin's song there lurks a moan,
The breeze takes on a sobbing tone
Since baby died.

O vanished joy! The hours thrice blessed
When closely to my bosom pressed
The flaxen head. And now the smart
Of lightened arms and weighted heart
Since baby died.

O mother love! To dream, to wait,
To hope, to bear, to bless my fate—
Then death. Of what avail to rave?
There still remains the little grave
Since baby died.

O pure, sweet life! Thy fragrance rare
Still lingers in the silent air.
Like voiceless prayer it lulls my pain,
And frozen grief drops down in rain
Since baby died.

Ida W. Wheeler in Ladies' Home Journal.

A DELUGE OF HANDKERCHIEFS.

She Was Going Away, and All of Her Friends Remembered Her.

She was going to leave home on an extended visit, and her friends began to hint of various little gifts of remembrance which they would magnanimously bestow upon her departure. She beamed gladly and looked at her old gloves significantly when her brother said something about a goodby present. Her old purse, too—oh, she wouldn't be humiliated by its loosened clasp bursting open at just the wrong time and revealing its vast emptiness! Moreover, she wouldn't experience any more congestive chills when her last dime slipped behind the tattered lining, and the conductor fidgeted while he moved his lips just as if he were rehearsing that portion of the street railway bylaws in which no one is entitled to a ride except upon the payment of the nickel fare. Her calling cards also—surely some one would remember that she was now Miss Smith, since Sister Sue was married. And a Mrs. Browning! Didn't she sigh out to every one she met that her whole soul was in a turmoil over an unquenchable desire for a volume of these poems?

Well, about a week before she left the first package arrived.

"It's just the size—it must be the pocketbook," she cried joyfully. "So soft, too—what beautiful leather it must be! A place for small change and one for bills—I'll stuff that full of cotton to make it look full—and a pocket for cards, I'm sure."

But, lo! Upon disclosing the contents there lay two handkerchiefs.

"Oh, well," she sighed, trying to be optimistic; "it isn't so bad after all, for the initials are pretty."

Following that every mail and every caller left little bundles of various dimensions and degrees of softness and weight, and each time she opened them with eager fingers, while visions of engraved pasteboards, fresh purses and dainty poems rose in transcendent glory before her expectant eye. But, alas! nothing but little linen squares till her handkerchief box ran over and flooded her whole dresser with waves of snowy linen.

"Do they expect me to have a continual attack of influenza?" she cried in sheer desperation as a particularly promising parcel evolved into a series of pink, blue and cream squares.

She seriously contemplated following the example of the young men of Harvard, who drape their windows with curtains made of handkerchiefs purloined from their various girl friends; she even dreamed of being smothered under the loads of odious things, and glared so savagely at the old washerwoman, who came home with profuse apologies because "one o' them handkerchiefs got lost somehow," that the poor creature fled in fear.

At last she was at the station, and she gave a sigh of relief that she could not possibly be attacked by any more handkerchief fiends. She was just settled in the car, with a magazine on the seat beside her, instead of the coveted Browning, and she had contrived to tuck her tattered purse down in her jacket pocket with her tipless gloves, when papa handed over a little package with:

"Here, my dear, it's little, but I wanted to give you something."

She waited until they got out into the country, where the fresh air and the fleeting green and gold of the landscape would revive her, when with trembling, half hearted haste she gingerly untied the string. And there lay two handkerchiefs!—Chicago News.

An Old Country Road.

What can be more pleasing than the unmolested edge of an old road, where hazel and elder hang out their fruit for the birds, where the fragrant clethra blossoms, where the wild grapevine and the glossy bramble climb from tree to tree, and wild roses and morning glories brighten the shadows with their smiles? Here in the spring the trientalis and anemone make the ground beautiful with their white blossoms, while the shad bush waves a welcome to the passerby. As summer comes the sky blue chicory clusters there, the milkweed and the epilobium show pink and purple amid the foliage, the mullein lifts its stately yellow blossoms from its furry leaves, while barberry shows first its arcs of yellow bloom and later its coral clusters of fruit that contrast well with the great goldenrod and the splendid purple of the wild aster in the fall.—Garden and Forest.

An Ingenious Defense.

A Pomeranian linesman was tried by court martial on the charge of stealing a comrade's ration of brandy. He set up the following plea: "Gentlemen, I should really be sorry to pass for a thief. I had observed that my comrade's flask was getting old and would shortly commence to leak. I therefore took his brandy in order to keep it for him. I put his brandy on the top of mine, but every time I wanted a drink of my own I was forced to swallow some of his. So you see, gentlemen, my intentions were perfectly pure."

Notwithstanding his clever defense, the man was sentenced so eight days' solitary confinement.—Rappel.

A Giant Human Hand.

Upon the east side of North Seventh street, about midway between Poplar street and Girard avenue, stands a strikingly curious tree, which attracts the attention of every passerby. It stands just in front of a stable yard, and the employees of the place say that dozens of people come to them every week and make remarks or ask questions about the strange growth. From the thickness of the trunk at the base the tree is probably about forty years old, but its branches and foliage are new and fresh and look as though they were but the growth of a year or two. The trunk runs straight from the ground to a height of about fifteen feet.

Above this for a short distance is a thick globular mass of foliage, the leaves appearing to grow directly out of the wood. Above this growth run up three thick stalks or stumps, six or eight feet high, also covered with a dense, close mass of foliage. When the tree is viewed from the north side it presents a startling resemblance to a giant human hand protruding from the earth. The three big stumps at the top represent the three middle fingers, and upon either side of these can easily be seen configurations of the surrounding foliage which correspond to the little finger and thumb.

The explanation of the phenomenon is a curious one. The tree was once full grown and vigorous, but was attacked by blight or some other disease, and the dead trunk was pruned down to its present proportions, whereupon the present new growth developed.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Butte's Hermit Miser.

In the western part of town and near the village of Burlington there is a strange character who excites no end of comment by his peculiar actions. He is the owner or leaser of a mine, the shaft of which is about fifty feet in depth. This strange individual works the mine all by himself, and to the people whom he meets he is an enigma. He steadfastly refuses to be interviewed, and although prospectors on neighboring mines have made repeated efforts to even get a salutation from him they have signally failed.

Every morning as regular as clockwork he descends into the mine by means of the ladder, and remains there until evening. Occasionally he is seen to hoist a bucket of waste, and it is presumed that this action is made necessary by the fact that he is driving a crosscut single handed and alone, and gets cramped for want of room.

But the most peculiar thing in connection with this singular man is his manner of working. Every two weeks he changes shifts and works during the nighttime for two weeks, to change at the end of that time to two weeks' day shift. Some of the miners who were in that locality believe that the man is an old time miner who has become so accustomed to working two weeks night and two weeks day that he cannot overcome the habit.—Butte Inter Mountain.

Improved Ventilation.

An improved system of ventilation has been introduced in the great hall of the new Sorbonne in Paris, the principle resorted to being that of maintaining the walls at a higher temperature than that of the air which they inclose. In order to accomplish this, a mixing chamber is located beneath the auditorium, and hot and cold air are mixed to the temperature desired; the air is forced into the auditorium through a great number of small holes in the floor and in front of the seats, the openings being covered by a wire netting. Before the entrance of an audience the walls are thoroughly warmed by forcing air heated to 200 degs. into a conduit which delivers the air into a space behind the moulding and close to the floor. The wall is thus heated to a temperature of 100 degs.—a temperature which, by radiation, will keep the audience comfortable—at the same time ventilating the hall with air at 60 degs., derived from the mixing chamber. All downward cold drafts are thus prevented, the currents of air all being upward, owing to the heated surface.—New York Sun.

Artistic Auto-Suggestion.

I recollect that at the dress rehearsal of "Hamlet" M. Mounet-Sully was late. The stage was waiting. I sent to have him summoned by the call boy. He returned in a moment and told me that M. Mounet-Sully could not come down from his dressing room then because his costume was not quite ready. "What! It was finished a week ago, that costume. It was tried on and worn. It is complete and perfect." Yes, the costume was complete, but under his doublet M. Mounet-Sully wore braces, and at the last moment he had considered that he must have black ones—mourning braces—because Hamlet was dressed from head to foot in the trappings and the suits of woe. Those lower strata of costume had annoyed him. "The public would not see them, but I should see them." This was not the auto-suggestion of Talma, but the sentiment comes from the same need—the need for the artist to believe himself the character he plays, the hero he represents.—Jules Clarette in North American Review.

Tender Feet.

Summer pedestrians suffer from tender feet to a great extent, and the trouble is generally attributed to the shoes and the heat. Wide toed shoes are obtained, but after every long walk the feet are sore, and several days are required to heal them. To prevent this and to harden the feet for long walks they should be soaked in a tub of water seated as much as the flesh will endure. To every half pailful of this hot water add a piece of nitrate of potassium about the size of a small walnut. This can be obtained at any drug store. The feet should be treated to this bath about twice a week, but if considerable walking is done and the feet continue sore, the bathing should be more frequent. Women as well as men will find this useful in hot weather, and even the professional tramp would find relief from his pains in this way.—Yankee Blade.

KILLING A BULL ELK.

AN EXHILARATING ADVENTURE AT TWO OCEAN PASS.

An Interesting Description of a Hunting Trip—Out for Big Game—Chasing a Wounded Bull—Creeping Upon a Dozing Herd—A Caution About Firing.

From an interesting article on "An Elk Hunt at Two Ocean Pass," by the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, in The Century, the following quotation is made:

Next morning dawned clear and cold; the sky a glorious blue. Woody and I started to hunt over the great tableland and led our stout horses up the mountain side by elk trails so bad that they had to climb like goats. All these elk trails have one striking peculiarity—they lead through thick timber, but every now and then send off short, well worn branches to some cliff edge or jutting crag commanding a view far and wide over the country beneath. Elk love to stand on these lookout points and scan the valleys and mountains round about.

Blue grouse rose from beside our path; Clarke's crows flew past us, with a hollow, flapping sound, or lighted in the pine tops, calling and flirting their tails; the gray clad whisky jacks, with multitudinous cries, hopped and fluttered near us. Snowshoe rabbits scuttled away, the great furry feet which give them their name already turning white. At last we came out on the great plateau, seamed with deep, narrow ravines. Reaches of pasture alternated with groves and open forests of varying size. Almost immediately we heard the bugle of a bull elk and saw a big band of cows and calves on the other side of a valley. There were three bulls with them, one very large, and we tried to creep up on them, but the wind was baffling and spoiled our stalk, so we returned to our horses, mounted them and rode a mile farther, toward a large open wood on a hillside.

When within 200 yards we heard directly ahead the bugle of a bull and pulled up short. In a moment I saw him walking through an open glade; he had not seen us. The slight breeze brought us his scent. Elk have a strong characteristic smell; it is usually sweet like that of a herd of Alderney cows, but in old bulls while rutting it is rank, pungent and lasting. We stood motionless till the bull was out of sight, then stole to the wood, tied our horses and trotted after him. He was traveling fast, occasionally calling, whereupon others in the neighborhood would answer. Evidently he had been driven out of some herd by the master bull.

He went faster than we did, and while we were vainly trying to overtake him we heard another very loud and sonorous challenge to our left. It came from a ridge crest at the edge of the woods, among some scattered clumps of the northern nut pine, or pinon, a queer conifer growing very high on the mountains, its multiforked trunk and wide spreading branches giving it the rounded top and at a distance the general look of an oak rather than a pine. We at once walked toward the ridge—up wind. In a minute or two, to our chagrin, we stumbled on an outlying spike bull, evidently kept on the outskirts of the herd by the master bull. I thought it would alarm all the rest, but as we stood motionless it could not see clearly what we were. It stood, ran, stood again, gazed at us and trotted slowly off.

We hurried forward as fast as we dared, and with too little care, for we suddenly came in view of two cows. As they raised their heads to look, Woody squatted down where he was, to keep their attention fixed, while I cautiously tried to slip off to one side unobserved. Favored by the neutral tint of my buckskin hunting shirt, with which my shoes, leggings and soft hat matched, I succeeded. As soon as I was out of sight I ran hard and came up to a hillock crested with pinons, behind which I judged I should find the herd. As I approached the crest, their strong, sweet smell smote my nostrils. In another moment I saw the tips of a pair of mighty antlers, and I peered over the crest with my rifle at the ready. Thirty yards off, behind a clump of pinons, stood a huge bull, his head thrown back as he rubbed his shoulders with his horns. There were several cows around him, and one saw me immediately and took alarm.

I fired into the bull's shoulder, inflicting a mortal wound; but he went off, and I raced after him at top speed, firing into his flank; then he stopped, very sick, and I broke his neck with a fourth bullet. An elk often hesitates in the first moments of surprise and fright, and does not get really under way for 200 or 300 yards; but when once fairly started he may go several miles, even though mortally wounded; therefore the hunter, after his first shot, should run forward as fast as he can, and shoot again and again until the quarry drops. In this way many animals that would otherwise be lost are obtained, especially by the man who has a repeating rifle. Nevertheless the hunter should beware of being led astray by the ease with which he can fire half a dozen shots from his repeater, and he should aim as carefully with each shot as if it were his last. No possible rapidity of fire can atone for habitual carelessness of aim with the first shot.

Occupation for an Invalid.

One of the most complete and unique collections of newspaper clippings ever made perhaps was badly damaged by fire in this city about a week ago. It belonged to an invalid who for years has cut the biographical, political and news matter of different daily journals, and pasted the clippings so obtained on sheets for filing, after the manner of a library card catalogue. A very rich collection of accidents, murders, pickpockets, etc., had been amassed, and obituaries, marriages and sudden deaths appeared by the hundred. The owner, nothing daunted, has set about buying old newspapers to repair as far as possible the gap caused by the fire.—Philadelphia Press.

Motherly Catfish.

Mr. Gunther, in his work on "The Study of Fishes," states that the only species of fish in which the mother takes any care of her offspring are of the genera Aspredo and Solenostoma. But I have seen the common catfish guarding her young in the most devoted manner; it may, however, have been the male, but I don't believe it. It was in July, 1882, and I was on the west shore of Long lake, in the great northern wilderness of New York state. The catfish had got her young (fifty or sixty in the school I should say) into a little bay so shallow that her enemies could not swim in it. The young catfishes were very small indeed and looked like little tadpoles. Whenever anyone of the little fellows ventured into a deepish place he was sure to be seized by some large fish, the large fish seemed to be perch and. there were half a dozen or so of them.

Every perch that came near was attacked by the mother fish and driven back several feet or yards; but whenever the mother fish turned to go back to her young one or more of the perch would bite her. Her caudal fin, or tail, was torn to pieces. I watched the battle for some time. The old catfish was getting the worst of it, and when I left she was making a brave but losing fight. One by one her offspring were picked off, the perch occasionally rushing into the shallow water close to the school of the young fish. I do not know whether my observation is the only one of the kind or not.—Exchange.

Up in a Balloon.

"There is a good deal to be learned from balloon accidents," said the Eminent Person, "although I am by no means sure that we shall learn it."

"The height at which the balloon was when the accident happened has been variously computed," the Journalist said, "but it seems to have been higher than the top of St. Paul's cathedral, according to one computation almost double the height. So one can imagine a little how terrible the fall must have been."

"I should like to be at that height above London occasionally," said the poet; "one could realize the unimportance of a lot of unimportant things so much better. When men appeared to me to be the size of the ordinary housefly, a difference of income, for instance, would seem to be too small to be worth consideration. We know how high above the earth there is a breathable atmosphere; I wonder how high one would have to go before one lost one's sense of social status."

"You can do that without going up in a balloon," the Ordinary Man observed. "Mix with your superiors, and you are bound to believe in social equality. Mix with your equals and you'll still be proud."

"And if I mix with my inferiors?"

"Now, why take impossible cases?" said the Mere Boy genially.—Black and White.

Stopping a Nuisance.

A little pantomime performance which was seen on an express train rushing into New York Sunday evening is worth recording. A young woman had opened her window, to her enjoyment, but to the evident annoyance of a young man seated directly behind her. There was much dust and cinders, and his light clothes and fresh linen got the benefit of all there was. He submitted to the shower for a few seconds, then took a folded newspaper and held it in front of him and close to the side of the car, so that all the cinders that came in were blown directly against the neck of the girl. She edged away farther and farther, but uselessly, for a perfect cloud of dust and cinders settled all over her, instead of flying back on those behind her, as the open window nuisance has the right of precedent to expect.

She finally could stand it no longer and put the window down, whereupon the young man, having accomplished his object, shook out his newspaper and quietly pursued his reading of it, while two or three passengers behind the pair exchanged glances of amused satisfaction.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

The Yankee Was Honest.

An English gentleman met an American traveler in France and spent a few days with him in Paris. When they were parting the American admitted that he had cleaned out his purse and must perforce remain in Paris until he could get more money from home. The Englishman lent him twenty louis, and the American in return gave his watch as security, taking at the same time his address on a card. The cynic will surmise that the watch turned out to be worthless, but, so far from that, it has been valued at above thirty pounds. Possibly the owner of it mislaid his creditor's address; he has never repaid the money or reclaimed the watch.—London Truth.

Effect of Domestication.

Domestication modifies and often changes the instinct of wild animals to persecute or at least neglect the sick or injured, perhaps because the lessened strain of the struggle for existence leaves room for sentiment to grow. Both dogs and cats often aid their kind when sick, and strange alliances spring up between pets of different species. Perhaps the best known instance is that of the raven which Dickens saw at Hungerford, which used to carry bones to a broken legged retriever. And the quickness with which dogs learn that their master is ill and show sympathy is well established.—London Spectator.

The Cataleptic Trance.

It cannot be doubted that in numerous cases of cataleptic trance the apparently lifeless patient has been acquainted with all the arrangements being made for his interment. Several instances are recorded in which, although the body presented every appearance of death, the patient was conscious of everything going on around him, but absolutely unable to raise a limb or in any way communicate with those near his bed.—Yankee Blade.

LONG LIFE

Is possible only when the blood is pure and vigorous. To expel Scrofula and other poisons from the circulation, the superior medicine is AYER'S Sarsaparilla. It imparts permanent strength and efficiency to every organ of the body. Restoration to perfect health and strength

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"I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried three other proprietary medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The result was a complete cure. Since then I have recommended this medicine to others, and always with success"

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How the Juggler Trains.

"One must have a natural gift for juggling to start with," remarked Karathe juggler, in the course of an interview. "He should have a quick eye, agility and patience. Jugglery is not the work for an impatient or nervous man. It requires many years to become an expert in any very remarkable feature of our business. The more ordinary acts connected with the art of jugglery are acquired after a practice of a few months. The better jugglers can acquire them in as many weeks. I began at the age of ten years, for my own amusement. Then having become more ordinarily proficient I began a regular course of study and practiced almost constantly for five years before I considered myself proficient enough to make a public appearance, which I did at the age of sixteen.

"I can recall very readily how I commenced tossing little balls, as you have seen possibly every juggler do. Beginning with two I continued until now I can keep seven balls in the air at one time, and I assure you that I practiced hour after hour for many, many days before I attained my present proficiency.

"One must also be in the pink of physical condition. To be a very expert juggler you must feel sure when you assume a position that you are there and will remain there steadfastly until the feat you are performing shall have been accomplished. This compels the juggler to take extra good care of his body. He must follow very nearly the same regimen that is observed by trained athletes. It requires long continued practice to enable even the brightest fellow to juggle with plates, bottles, knives, rings, etc., but it is a still more difficult matter to balance different objects and juggle at the same time."—Chicago Times.

A Waistcoat Made of a Boa's Skin.

The family of boas and pythons includes all the largest serpents known, though the species are not numerous. The type of this group is the boa constrictor, which is found in the New World only, ranging from Central America to southern Brazil, and may attain a length of about fourteen feet. It is very handsomely marked, and we have seen its skin made into an elegant waistcoat worn by one of the trustees of the British museum.—Quarterly Review.

Men's Wives.

One Man—My wife is eternally gadding about. She's never at home. Is yours?

Another Man—Don't know. I'm never at home enough to find out.—New York Weekly.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J E Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G E Bracken, F S; Dr G C Symon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—P T Nichol, C R, 845 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; P M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 178 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M Kindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—D B Quinlan, C R; Henry S Newson, R S; W J Erler, F S; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr F S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoynes, R S, 537 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 195 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 35th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3223 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M O O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M O Cooney, R S, 352 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Koehlmann, F S; Geo Demlaaler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 201 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuess, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1068 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2361 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; B Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm. Klein, R S, 88 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas. Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 288 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schulz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jos F Lunk, R S, 333 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, [illegible] chell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 569 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franssen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Coulin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m. Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Bogane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brienki, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hettinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3044 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Hetrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R, John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 567 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 158 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Hiernbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger at and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brocciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieromi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasquce, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2074 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; H F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. —ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. Estate of John Gahan, deceased. James Wallace, Administrator of the estate of John Gahan, deceased, vs. Winifred Gahan, Michael Gahan, Thomas Gahan and John Gahan, and Peter Gahan, James Gahan, William Gahan, Mary Gahan and Margaret Gahan, minors

(ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.)

By virtue of the decretal order of said Probate Court, made and entered in the above entitled cause on the Eighth (8th) day of September, A. D. 1892, on the petition of said administrator for leave to sell the real estate of said decedent to pay the debts of said estate, I will, on Tuesday, the Eleventh (11th) day of October, A. D. 1892, at the hour of Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest which was of John Gahan, deceased, at the time of his death in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: Lots numbered Eighteen (18) and Nineteen (19) in Block Three (3) in the Subdivision by the Provident Homestead Association of the North half (N. ½) of the Northwest quarter (N.W. ¼) of the Southwest quarter (S.W. ¼) of Section Nine (9) Township Thirty-Eight (38) North, Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian, situate in the County of Cook and State of Illinois; said Lot Eighteen (18) is improved by a frame dwelling house; said Lot Nineteen (19) is vacant. All of said real estate will be sold subject to the Dower and Homestead rights of widow of deceased. No deed will be delivered until said sale has been reported to, and approved by, said Probate Court

Dated Chicago, Sept. 10, 1892.
JAMES WALLACE,
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